

MERRY ENGLAND.

JANUARY, 1894.

Rosmini and the English Mission.

THE "Catholic Directory" for 1894 gives us a list of 2,613 priests in England and Wales. They serve a little over half that number of churches and stations. Some are grouped together in Monasteries; many another is a solitary—a solitary though serving populous missions. The Newman of Oxford days was said to be never less alone than when alone; and there are priests in plenty, ministering to manufacturing or rural congregations, of whom it may be truly said, though the cause be different, that they are never more alone than they are in a multitude. Intellectual companionship may be wholly wanting. For the missionary in England occupies often a unique position. The Irish priest is among his own people; so is the Italian priest, and so the French. His interests are the interests of his townsmen. He is not isolated, as an English priest frequently is—sometimes an object of suspicion, and, perhaps, even of aversion—the fool or the knave of the old alternative.

An English priest may very properly be called upon and be willing to make great sacrifices for his countrymen; but there is in England a great body of priests whose piety is unassisted by patriotism—the priests, of course, who belong to nations other than our own. Dr. Littledale, in looking through the "Direc-

tory," used to remark on and exaggerate for controversial purposes any absence of English names; and then, with his own kind of ingenuity, he would choose, as if at random, the letter O to illustrate the proportion of Irish names and English. How far an Irishman considers himself, or is considered, in his own country when he is in England, is a point we need not here discuss. But no burning controversy rages in regard to the Frenchman, or the Italian, the German, the Belgian, or the Austrian, who has come over in missionary zeal to labour for the conversion of souls in England. He may, for convenience, become naturalised; but, none the less, is he severed from kith and kin, a stranger in a land strange to him.

English readers will be reminded once more of the debt they owe to such pious invaders as these by a life of Father Rinolfi, of pious memory, just written by Father Hirst, the accomplished President of Ratcliffe College. From the time of St. Augustine (as Father Hirst reminds us) Italians have played no mean part in the propagation of religion in England. For all its Protestant isolation, England has contrived to gain a great deal in art, in music, and in literature, in politics, in commerce, as well as in religion, by the presence of foreigners among us. If Vandyke taught us how to paint, and the Flemings how to weave, and the Dutch how to dye, and the Rothschilds how to be rich, and the Germans how to print, so we may assuredly say that modern Italians have at least helped us to be pious. Father Rinolfi was one such; and Father Hirst's memoir of him is exactly such as we should desire. But we cannot separate him from his companions—that group of Fathers of the Institute of Charity which includes the names of Gentili and Pagani. For the record of their coming among us we have only to turn to the pages of the Life of the illustrious and enlightened Founder of the Institute of Charity, two volumes edited by the late Father Lockhart, and issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. so long ago that we may hope it has found by now

the place it ought to have on the shelves of all persons interested in the story of the revival of religion in modern England. The frontispiece of one of these volumes we make our own, and with it we give, as nearly as may be in the words of Rosmini's biographer, some account of the beginnings of the great settlement made by Fathers of Charity in this country.

Father Rosmini had not long received the conception of his Religious Institute, when, coming to Rome to ask guidance from the Holy Father and his blessing on his work, he was led by providential circumstances, which he always took as his rule of action, to turn his charity towards England, of which he writes, "for the restoration of this, once an *Island of Saints* to the bosom of the Church, I would willingly shed my blood."

He was led to this in great part through making the acquaintance in Rome of Luigi Gentili, a young Roman Avvocato and Doctor in Laws and Literature. Gentili was an elegant scholar as well in classical as in Italian literature. He had also considerable musical talent. This led to his making the acquaintance of some of the English visitors in Rome, and to his being much sought in English society. He thus learned to speak a little of the language, while he discoursed with the English on his own favourite studies. This, too, led to his forming a youthful dream of love for a young lady of high birth, whom he met in society. It was a mere dream, and nearly as baseless a fabric, for under all circumstances it could come to nothing but disappointment. This disappointment was another step of Divine Providence, which led him to see the vanity of all dreams of earthly happiness. The result was that he was missed at first, and soon forgotten in English society. Years afterwards, when the English newspapers sometimes mentioned him as "a remarkable preacher among the Roman Catholics," I remember a relative of mine, a Protestant, much used to Roman society, saying, "Can this be that Luigi Gentili with whom we used to sing duets in Rome?"

Gentili's disappointment had brought on a severe illness. On his recovery, his first thought was to leave the world and enter religion among the Jesuits in Rome, having a special devotion to his patron, San Luigi Gonzaga. He would have been accepted by them, as he was well known and loved by many of the Fathers, under whom he had been educated; but his health

seemed broken, and they were afraid that he would not succeed with them; so his application was refused. He turned his thoughts, however, to the Priesthood; and the idea came forcibly borne in upon his mind that God called him to be a missionary priest in England. For this he offered his life, and it was accepted. At this time Providence led him to make the acquaintance of Rosmini. He soon conceived such a veneration for him that he earnestly begged him to be his director. In the end Luigi Gentili, at his earnest entreaty, was accepted by Rosmini as a postulant of the Institute. He remained in Rome attending the theological lectures, residing at the Irish College to study English and prepare for the Priesthood. After his ordination he went to Domodossola, to make his novitiate under Rosmini.

The re-conversion of England held always a prominent place in his heart. He had made the acquaintance in Rome, in September, 1830, of Mr. Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, the eldest son of the owner of Garendon and of Grace Dieu Manor, in Leicestershire, a zealous convert to the Faith, of ancient family and large property, who, being in Rome, had applied to the Rector of the Irish College for a priest to labour in his neighbourhood. While offering the adorable Sacrifice, the Rector felt himself inwardly moved to suggest the Abbate Gentili as in every way fitted for the purpose. This led to a great friendship arising between Mr. de Lisle and Father Gentili, and was ultimately the cause of his going to reside with Mr. de Lisle, at Grace Dieu, as his chaplain; afterwards to the commencement of the preaching of Missions in the neighbourhood, and from thence throughout all England. About the time when he made the acquaintance of Mr. de Lisle, Bishop Baines, Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District of England, having his Episcopal residence at Bath, invited Gentili to return with him, in order to take a post of importance in his College at Prior Park. Father Gentili, having already placed himself under obedience to Rosmini, wrote at once to ask his views on the matter. In the course of his letter he says: "There was a time when I desired earnestly to go to England and shed my blood there; and though this desire has not left me, I have no longer the presumption to think that I have been chosen to remedy any evils of that unhappy nation. May God send thither men of holiness and learning."

Father Rosmini gave his full and glad consent to the invitation to send missionaries to Eng'and, but deferred its fulfilment

until Gentili should have passed some time at Monte Calvario. This period was, owing to various causes, longer than had been expected; for though Gentili reached Domodossola in August, 1831, it was not till 1835 that the first colony of the Institute was sent to England. However, at Domodossola Gentili reaped the first-fruit of his labours for England, in reconciling to the Church the grand-daughter of Sir Henry Trelawney, a Cornish baronet, himself also a convert, and afterwards a priest. Sir Henry joined Mr. de Lisle in urging on Father Rosmini to give Gentili to England. Bishop Baines also asked that other Fathers besides might be sent as professors in his new College and Seminary for the clergy of the vicariate.

Gentili and his companions, before taking leave of the Eternal City, visited the seven churches and other places of special devotion. They embarked at Cività Vecchia on the morning of the 22nd of May, 1835, to return to Monte Calvario on their way to England; but the Pope and his suite being expected to arrive in the town that day, the departure of their vessel was delayed till evening. His Holiness came on board, accompanied by several Cardinals and other members of his Court, and amidst the acclamations of the spectators and salvoes of artillery from the forts.

Monsignor Patrizi, afterwards Cardinal, who was one of the attendants, observing the three missionaries in a corner by themselves, pointed them out to the Pope, who graciously asked, "Well, when do you start?" They answered, "Holy Father, we are here in readiness." "That," he replied, "is all well." Then turning to the Cardinals, he said: "These ecclesiastics are going to England to teach in the Seminary of Monsignor Baines." He then turned to them once more and said encouragingly: "May the Lord bless your Apostolic labours; and when you see the Abate Rosmini and the Bishop, salute them both in my name." They then kissed his feet, and, having received his final blessing, withdrew, full of consolation at the special benediction for their English Mission which had so unexpectedly and providentially been granted them. That evening they sailed for Genoa.

One of the last counsels of Rosmini to his brethren before they departed for England was: "I recommend you all three to conform yourselves to the English ways in all things where there is no wrong, putting in practice the words of St. Paul: 'I am made all things to all men.' Do not raise objection to anything in which there is no sin. Each nation has its customs which are

good in its own eyes. You should conform yourselves to the customs of those people among whom you are, which should be good in the eyes of your charity. To be too much attached to Italian, Roman, or French customs is no small defect in the servant of God, whose true country is Heaven."

In following this little band of missionaries to England, we naturally ask what was the state of religion in the country at that period. They came at a very critical time in the religious history of England. Great religious changes have taken place through means of many providential agencies during the fifty years that have passed since their landing. They came just six years after the passing of Catholic Emancipation. In 1829 Bishop Baines, Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District of England, had bought the large mansion and estate known as Prior Park, the site of an old Priory, which stands beautifully in its elevated and wooded grounds, south-east of Bath, about a mile distant from the city. Here he had founded a grand educational establishment: St. Peter's College for the junior class, and St. Paul's to serve both as a College for the higher branches of learning and as a Seminary for the education of his clergy. It was to fill chairs in these Colleges that our Fathers were invited to England. They arrived at Prior Park in July, 1835. Father Rey was made Professor of Theology; Belisy, still a deacon, of French; and Father Gentili, of Philosophy: he was also specially charged by the Bishop with the direction of the chanting and ceremonial of the choir and sanctuary, to mould them after the Roman usages. Thus he introduced the custom of vesting boys in cassock and surplice when assisting in the church, as is now general in Colleges and in churches where there is a surplice choir. He had also the duty of hearing the confessions of the greater part of the Community, and of giving public instructions on Sundays and holy-days in the College chapel; also of teaching the art of preaching to the young ecclesiastics. For two years he was President of St. Paul's College.

In Passion Week of 1836, Father Gentili, at the Bishop's request, gave the spiritual exercises to all the masters and students. This was one of the first public Retreats after the manner of St. Ignatius ever given in a secular College in England; and the effect it produced was great, even upon some who had rather vehemently opposed the introduction of such a novelty. Among the masters present at the Retreat were Moses Furlong and Peter Hutton, who a little latter sought admission into the Institute. In July, 1837, Father Rosmini, at

the earnest request of the Bishop, sent four more of his brethren—Father John Baptist Pagani with three lay-brothers, and soon after Father Angelo Maria Rinolfi, then recently ordained priest, and Fortunatus Signini, a cleric in Minor Orders. Rosmini wrote on this occasion: "Together with this letter I send another little band of my companions, in proof of my desire to second your Lordship's views and wishes, as repeatedly exposed to me by Don Gentili, and also by your own Very Reverend Vicar-General. I commend these companions, as I did the first, to your Lordship's charity. I hope that under Gentili's direction they will serve your Lordship in such a way as fully to accomplish their duties and correspond with their vocation. They have all given proof of solid goodness of life, and the first of them, John Baptist Pagani, is truly and in every respect an excellent man, capable, also, of directing an establishment. He was a Superior in the Urban Seminary at Novara, and is the author of various ascetical books which are much esteemed. He will also be able to take Don Rey's place [who had left] in the Divinity classes. If your Lordship will deign to give me, after a time, some account of the deportment of these my new companions, it will serve to enlighten and direct me."

This letter has been given as showing clearly the mind of Father Rosmini; the companions he sends are to serve the Bishop, while remaining under the direction of their own Superior; and the mention of Father Pagani's great gifts and experience as a Superior perhaps hints at the probability of his being substituted, as we find a little later, for Father Gentili as Superior of the brethren in England.

By Father Pagani's means the members of the Institute kept a good deal more to themselves than before. At this time Father Gentili was Rector of the Religious Community, and Father Pagani Minister; but in 1838 the Bishop appointed Father Gentili chaplain and confessor to the Convent at Spettisbury, with the charge of the mission in the neighbourhood. In the next appointment, therefore, Father Rosmini constituted Father Pagani Rector of the Community.

About this time—in December, 1838—the Rule of the Institute was approved by the Holy Father, and shortly afterwards Pagani, Gentili, Rinolfi, and Signini made their vows. No need to enter into details of the onward course of the Institute in Great Britain during the fifty-five years that have since elapsed. The fruits of it were soon manifest. Father Gentili, having

undertaken the pastoral charge of Loughborough, visited Oxford, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose de Lisle, and met William Lockhart, then living at Littlemore under Newman. That meeting meant a great deal. It led to the reception of William Lockhart into the Catholic Church—an event which had for its immediate effect Newman's resignation of St. Mary's, and for after effects had the purchase of the ancient Church of St. Etheldreda, in Ely Place, where Father Lockhart carried on his fruitful pastorate for many years, and where he passed away to his reward. There, too, he prepared the "Life of Rosmini," which will remain as a human document of permanent interest when, by changes of time and circumstance, more popular works from his pen have lost their significance.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

Any Saint.

HIS shoulder did I hold
Too high that I, o'erbold
Weak one,
Should lean thereon.

But He a little hath
Declined His steepy path,
And my
Feet set more high ;

That the slack arm may reach
His shoulder, and faint speech
Stir
His unwithering hair.

And bolder now and bolder
I lean upon that shoulder,
So dear
He is and near.

And with His aureole
The tresses of my soul
Are blent
In wished content.

Yea, this too gentle Lover
Hath flattering words to move her
To pride
By His sweet side.

Ah, Love! somewhat let be!
Lest my humility
 Grow weak
 When Thou dost speak!

Rebate Thy tender suit,
Lest to herself impute
 Some worth
 Thy bride of earth!

A maid too easily
Conceits herself to be
 Those things
 Her lover sings;

And being straitly wooed
Believes herself the Good
 And Fair
 He seeks in her.

Turn something of Thy look,
And fear me with rebuke,
 That I
 May timorously

Take tremors in Thy arms,
And with contrived charms
 Allure
 A love unsure.

Not to me, not to me,
Builded so flawfully,
 O God,
 Thy humbling laud!

Not to this man, but Man,—
Universe in a span;
 Laud
 Thou Thine antipode!

In whom eternally
Thou, Light, dost focus Thee!—
 Didst pave
 The way o' the wave,
Rivet with stars the Heaven,
For causeways to Thy driven
 Car
 In its coming far
Unto him, only him!
In Thy deific whim
 Didst bound
 Thy works' great round
In this small ring of flesh;
The sky's gold-knotted mesh
 Thy wrist
 Did only twist
To take him in that net.—
Man! swinging-wicket set
 Between
 The Unseen and Seen,
Lo, God's two worlds immense,
Of spirit and of sense,
 Wed
 In this narrow bed;
Yea, and the midge's hymn
Answers the seraphim
 Athwart
 Thy body's court!
Empyreal five-foot-odd
Great arm-fellow of God!
 Mud-kin
 Of cherubin!

Bread predilectedly
O' the worm and Deity !

Man,

Who recite thee can ?

All the Omnific made,
When in a word He said

(Mystery !)

He uttered *thee* ;

Thee His great utterance bore,
O secret metaphor

Of what

Thou dream'st no jot !

Cosmic metonymy !

Weak world-unshuttering key !

One

Seal of Solomon !

Trope that itself not scans

Its huge significance,

Which tries

Cherubic eyes.

Primer where the angels all

God's grammar spell in small,

Nor spell

The best too well.

Point for the great descants

Of starry disputants ;

Strong

Pinion for their song.

They their high numbering

In thee to product bring,

Equation

Of creation !

And having cast the amount
Of all the sphery count,
The sum
Right Man doth come.
Keystone to the strange dome
Of God's far-built Home,
Which stands
Not made with hands.
Thou meaning, couldst thou see,
Of all which dafteth thee ;
The chart
Is in thy heart.
Stone of the Law, indeed,
Which thyself canst not read ;
Wouldst win
What hast within.
Compost of Heaven and mire
Slow foot and swift desire !
Hail
To thee, wingèd snail !
Sole fully blest, to feel
God whistle thee at heel ;
Drunk up
Like one dew-drop,
When He bends down, sun-wise
Intemperable eyes ;
Most proud,
When utterly bowed,
To feel thyself and be
His dear nonentity—
Caught
Beyond human thought

In the thunder-spout of Him,
Until thy being dim,
And be
Dead deathlessly.

Stoop, stoop ; for thou dost fear
The nettle's wrathful spear,
So slight
Art thou of might !

Rise ; for Heaven hath no frown
When thou to thee pluck'st down,
Strong clod !
The neck of God.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

The Life of the Abbé Edgeworth.

CHAPTER I.

THE VICARAGE AT EDGEWORTHSTOWN.

HENRY ESSEX EDGEWORTH was a little child of three years old when a scene took place which materially affected the course of his life and had its strong influence on the lives and deaths of more important people. Yet, like many other events which are laden with serious consequences, the matter itself seemed trivial. His father went to a dinner-party. A dinner-party given by his own Bishop, at which he met his friends and fellows the clergy of the neighbourhood. For little Henry's father, Robert Edgeworth, was a clergyman of the Established Church of Ireland, and was at this time the Rector of Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, so well known afterwards as the residence of his cousin, Maria Edgeworth.

The Edgeworths—as, indeed, the name would show—were not originally of Irish stock; they were English people who had settled in Middlesex and migrated thence in the reign of Elizabeth, about the year 1583. It is on record that it was “a family of note,” and we may believe this to be the case from the fact that the village of Edgeworth—now Edgware, and commemorated in the Edgware Road—was called by their name, as was afterwards their Irish “town.” Yet the origin of the two brothers, who gained the favour of the Queen and went over to Ireland under the patronage of her Ministers, Essex and

Cecil, was not one to be proud of. They were the sons of a Monk, who took advantage of Henry VIII.'s unscrupulous laws, and, forgetting his own solemn vows, apostatised and married. The eldest of the brothers entered the Reformed Church, and a very good thing, in a worldly point of view, he made of it ; for he rose to be Bishop of Down and Connor ten years after his arrival in the country, *i.e.*, in 1593. The younger brother was the progenitor of the Edgeworthstown branch of the family ; he received grants of land in county Longford, for services rendered, no doubt, to the English and Protestant cause ; he married a lady of Anglo-Norman family, Miss Tute, of Sonna, and he settled down at Edgeworthstown. It will be seen how very un-Irish and un-Catholic this family was, and how very unlikely, humanly speaking, to produce men like Robert Edgeworth and his son Henry. The extremely Protestant character of the family was continued down to the time of Robert's father, Essex Edgeworth, fifth son of Sir John Edgeworth, who at the date when our sketch commences was still alive and the Rector of the living of Temple Michael, the best preferment in the Diocese of Ardagh. His eldest son, Robert, had married into a family who held views equally pronounced, for his wife was a Miss Ussher, granddaughter of the well-known Archbishop of that name, whose fame as a controversialist is still referred to. His descendant, from all accounts, was a very charming woman, gentle, sweet, and gracious, and yet possessed of a firmness of character which enabled her to bear with fortitude trials of no ordinary character. Could this gentle lady have foreseen the terrible scenes she would have to take part in, the sufferings she would have to go through, she could hardly have prepared herself better than she did by the special prayers she used during her sheltered and happy girlhood.

It is on record that she prayed constantly to Almighty God that she might have grace to know the Divine will, and strength to follow it in all things ; and also that, if she should marry, her

husband might be to her a sure spiritual guide—one whom she could securely follow as a guide in the way of salvation. This prayer was assuredly a singular one for a young lady brought up in the atmosphere which had surrounded this girl from her cradle; there is an absence of private judgment about it, a humility, and we might almost say an uncertainty, which are astonishing enough; and, besides this, we find almost a note of warning to prepare herself, a sort of prescience of trials to come.

Of course, Miss Ussher and Robert Edgeworth moved in exactly the same circle, and must have met frequently; and it is not surprising that two persons who had so much in common and were both so attractive, fell in love with each other and were married, to the great content of mutual friends and relatives. The marriage was an extremely happy one, as might be expected from the unselfish and generous dispositions of both husband and wife. They had none of the cares of poverty, which may warp the sweetest natures, for they were rich; the bride had a large dowry, and Mr. Edgeworth had private means as well as his living. They were richer still in their children, of whom four played round their hearth at the time we introduce the family to the reader in the year 1748.

The one little girl was named Elizabeth; the three boys were Robert, Henry, and Ussher. The second son, Henry Essex Edgeworth, had been born at their dearly-loved home, the Vicarage at Edgeworthstown, in 1745; he was, therefore, three years old, a pretty, fair-haired child, whose gentle face and winning manners attracted people to him now as at every period of his life—for the lovable Abbé de Firmont died as he had lived, surrounded by friends; and even in the most stormy days, when the rough instinct of self-preservation made men turn against their own flesh and blood, Henry Edgeworth was guarded faithfully by those people with whom he came into personal contact. This marvellous gift of attraction we have all witnessed and wondered at—perhaps envied, but never explained: the

mere possession of goodness does not in the least account for it, many excellent people being utterly without it, sometimes so much so as to be rather repellant than attractive. A kind heart and ready tact, with a quick intuition into the character of others, may go some way towards explaining the mystery; but we are more inclined to think that the strong attraction to goodness which some persons carry about in their very atmosphere is a direct gift from God, bestowed on some of His Saints for the purpose of attracting—through them—these errant, foolish hearts to Himself.

One other person completed the family group, who watched the children playing on the lawn beneath the shade of the beautiful trees for which Edgeworthstown is, and was, famous. This person was Mrs. Edgeworth's brother, James Ussher, a young man who was making himself a name as an author. He had written "Clio on Taste," "A Freethinker's Letters," and several other works admirably described in the language of the day as "elegant." But, in spite of his elegance and his growing fame, the young man looked unhappy; his face was clouded even while he watched the innocent gambols of the children, and heard their happy laughter, for cheeriness and unbelief will not thrive together; and it is not only the fool, but the sad and discontented fool, who has said in his heart "There is no God." The Archbishop's grandson had become a Freethinker, to the terrible distress of his sister; and he was even now arguing the matter with his clerical brother-in-law, whose faith was as robust as his conscience was tender. But still the advice—which was the best that Robert Edgeworth had to give him—did not seem to have a very consoling effect. Read! But he had read, read until he had confused and bewildered himself into a doubting and hesitating negation of all truth; for even in the views he had adopted he was not sure; his ideas were constantly shifting, and his beliefs—if one could call such opinions beliefs—veered with them; he utterly lacked the certainty of

Divine faith, and yet, being conscious of the insecurity of his position and feeling about vaguely for firmer ground, his state was, perhaps, not so hopeless as it appeared to be, especially to his alarmed and anxious sister.

"If there is any truth in any of these dogmatic religions at all," he said gloomily, watching the children abstractedly, "one must go back for it; it must have been handed down from the beginning, it could not have dropped down from the sky or sprung up from the earth a century or two ago; if dogmatic truth exists, it exists in the old Church—the Catholic Church."

His sister looked at him in silent amazement; to persons brought up as they had been, surely Papists were but one degree better—if that—than Atheists. She did not exclaim, however, in horror at his views, but rising gently she crossed the room to the bookcase at the further end, then taking down a book she brought it to her brother. "These are our grandfather's letters to the Jesuit priest, Fitzsimmons," she said. "Read this book, dear brother, I implore you, and it may throw a clearer light upon this subject."

Ussher took the book with a slight shrug—pardonable, perhaps, in a man who had a reputation for taste, and who was an Archbishop's grandson; and so he began to read at first, chiefly to satisfy his sister, the celebrated "Controversial Letters of Archbishop Ussher and the Jesuit Fitzsimmons," and ere long he became—to his own amazement—absorbed in what he read.

CHAPTER II.

THE BISHOP'S DINNER-PARTY.

A LARGE party of gentlemen sat round the hospitable table of the Protestant Bishop of Ardagh. The labours of the day were ended, the business of the visitation had been transacted, and all the clergy present had gathered into the dining-room of the Palace to enjoy rest and refreshment of mind and body. Per-

haps some—and among them we may certainly place Robert Edgeworth—looked forward even more eagerly to the mental food and stimulus than to the good things which came from the Prelate's pantry and cellar. For the Bishop was a cultivated and agreeable man, and he had but recently returned from foreign travel, or, as it was then called, making the "grand tour"—a work of considerable difficulty and some danger in the middle of the eighteenth century—and persons who had been so fortunate as to "see Naples" without dying had something to speak of or to boast of, according to their nature, for the rest of their lives, and gained more *kudos* than would be achieved by an ordinary globe-trotter of the present day. The fact is that England at that time was in a more isolated state than she had been in pre-Reformation days, when the silver streak of the Channel did not deter devout pilgrims from finding their way to Continental shrines, or the fervent sons of Peter from paying their respects to their Head at Rome. One of the most noticeable effects of the new religion was to do away with the international character of the old one. Englishmen became wrapped in that cold atmosphere of isolation which is only now slowly melting away, as our country is becoming daily more Catholic. This solitary state took outward form—as ideas are wont to do—in the high pews of our churches and the wooden walls of our eating-houses, as well as in the general neglect of the study of languages and in our chilly manners. Within the last fifty years this state of things has so greatly changed that it is now almost a matter of the past; railways, steam navigation, and International Exhibitions have, perhaps, taken the material place of the pilgrimages of the Middle Ages, and the Catholic reaction is, it is to be hoped, somewhat supplying the spiritual void.

But to return to our clergy; the recent travels of their Bishop, and the strange sights he had seen in foreign lands, formed an interesting topic of conversation at dinner; and when the cloth

was removed, according to the fashion of the day, and the decanters and the dishes of fruit showed bright reflections in the polished mahogany, and when the servants had withdrawn, the talk turned naturally (for the speakers were clerics) to the religious aspect of those countries which the Bishop had so lately visited. First the absurdity of Popish miracles was alluded to, and caused much mirth, but the host remained strangely silent; then one of his guests turned to him and addressed him directly:

"Your Lordship," said Mr. Edgeworth, "must have been shocked at the idolatrous ceremonies and exhibitions so frequent in Catholic countries; the worship of the Host by a blind and ignorant people must, above all, have filled you with disgust and horror."

The Bishop shook his head and answered slowly and emphatically:

"By no means, Sir; when it is a doctrinal belief with Roman Catholics that the Body and Blood of Christ are present under the appearance of the Host, and that they worship not the Host but Christ, Whom they consider to be therein, you cannot term their worship of it idolatry."

We may imagine the astonished faces of the clergy present, remembering that they were members of the ultra-Protestant Church of Ireland, when they heard this totally unexpected remark of their Bishop. Had he brought back with him from Italy something infinitely worse than Roman fever! What the Bishop had said was absolutely fair and logical. Dr. Johnson had said the same thing, in almost the same words: but the Doctor was known to be shaky theologically; they had expected a very different answer from their own Prelate. But the subject interested, almost fascinated Robert Edgeworth in a way that he could not account for, and he felt obliged to pursue it.

"And may I inquire," he said, after a pause, in a hesitating manner, "what your Lordship's opinion is regarding the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament?"

"I shall acknowledge to you, Sir," said the Bishop, "that in my opinion the Papists are at the right side of that question and that we are at the wrong. Exclusive of the unanswerable arguments which the advocates for the Real Presence draw from the Holy Scriptures and from other authentic historical documents, I shall relate to you an occurrence which, perhaps, influences in no slight degree my opinion on the matter."

The smiles evoked by the miracles had quite died away now ; all eyes were turned on the speaker, but in Robert Edgeworth's face there was an earnestness and an anxiety that made the Bishop involuntarily turn to him as he proceeded. Perhaps he felt that there was a bond of sympathy between them that all their previous intercourse had failed to draw forth, though the relations between the cultivated and genial Bishop and his earnest-minded Rector had always been of a most friendly character.

The Bishop continued : "A friend accompanied me to Naples, where we arrived on Christmas Eve. We were anxious to witness the splendours of a Midnight Mass, and went for this purpose to one of the principal churches. I need not describe to you the magnificence that burst upon our view as we entered. The church was brilliantly illuminated with a flood of light that rivalled the noonday sun ; everything that devotion and taste could invent contributed to render this the most ravishing spectacle I had ever witnessed. Nothing remarkable occurred during the progress of the Mass until the bell sounded for the elevation of the Host. At this moment, while the immense mass of people was prostrate in silent adoration, my companion and myself remained erect, intent upon the actions of the priest. Suddenly I beheld beams of the purest and brightest light issuing from the Host as it was raised by the hands of the celebrant. So brilliant and dazzling were the emissions, that the multitude of lights with which the church was illuminated seemed to pale and fade and finally disappear entirely. As the

Host was lowered the light gradually vanished, and the church returned to its former state. Astounded by the extraordinary circumstance, I turned to my friend and found him as much occupied with it as myself. At the elevation of the chalice the same surprising emissions occurred again and faded as before. My companion observed it as well as myself; it could, therefore, be no optical delusion. The prostrate multitude arose apparently unconscious of what had happened, so we were, perhaps, the only witnesses of the occurrence in all the crowd. We occupied the rest of the time in trying to detect the cause of the lights; but the situation of the tapers on the altar and through the church, and the position of the Host and chalice at the time, prevented us from assigning any natural reason. There was no object near that could possibly cause a reflection from that point, and besides the very nature of the strange light, its superb brilliancy, and its increasing flow through an object so little calculated to produce it, precluded the idea of an artificial illumination. We departed at the end of Mass, ruminating silently on the event. I do not say, Gentlemen, that it was a miracle, but I have never been able to account for it till this day."

The Bishop rose as he finished speaking, and bowing silently, amid the profound silence, to his guests on either side of the table, he left the room.

True emotion exercises a powerful sway, even over the least imaginative minds; and, undoubtedly, it is the more impressive when it comes in an unexpected manner and from an ordinarily unemotional man. The clergymen present remained spell-bound for a few minutes after the Bishop had left them; some, perhaps, merely too much astonished to speak, others really impressed and moved by what they had just heard. Among the latter was Robert Edgeworth, who throughout the narrative had kept his eyes fixed on his Prelate's face, devouring every word which fell from his lips with an eagerness that seemed strange even to himself.

After these few moments the gentlemen dispersed with few audible comments on what had passed, and so ended this strange dinner-party: but the results of it were not so quickly over. Many lives and many deaths have borne witness to the powerful effect of the words spoken that day; and, perhaps, even yet their spell is not worn out, for the far echo of them still lingers in the air, and may still bear a knowledge of the truth into some listening ear. Who can estimate the power of a few poor words? Poor, indeed—and often utterly lacking the beauty of eloquence or the dignity of authority—and yet, if weighted with the creative power of Divine truth, bearing with them seeds which may find a resting-place in the heart of a hearer, and germinate and grow there, even when he who has uttered them has quite forgotten their existence, or has gone to the life where words—save words of praise—are not needed.

Such few words, bravely and quietly spoken at a dinner-party in Brecknockshire, by a Catholic gentleman, when this same most holy doctrine was attacked, led to the conversion of a lady who was present, and who afterwards became a Passionist Nun, and by her prayers and holy life assisted many in their search for truth.

CHAPTER III.

UNCERTAINTY.

AMONG the many animated discussions which the Bishop's unexpected recital drew forth in many a rectory and vicarage throughout his diocese, we may be sure none was more earnest than the conversation which was held at Edgeworthstown. Robert Edgeworth trusted his wife in all things, as a good wife deserves to be trusted, and he never dreamed of concealing from her the very serious impression which the Bishop's story had made upon him; an impression the more extraordinary, even to himself, from the fact that his opinions had hitherto been, like

those of his brethren of the Irish State Church of that date, decidedly Evangelical. His own family had for many generations been of the same way of thinking, and as every one knows, Archbishop Ussher was a Protestant of the Protestants. He protested in his own person and with all his force, and had tried, pen in hand, in many a hard fight, to slay the giant, Catholicism. But his opponents were singularly hard to hit, and on their part struck back forcibly and with good logical effect. We do not know whether Mrs. Edgeworth had ever herself studied these controversies between Ussher and Fitzsimmons—which were published and are still extant—but it is certain that her brother did so, and about this time, and with rather a remarkable result, to which we shall refer presently.

It must have been difficult for the descendants of two such very Protestant families to conceive it even to be possible that there could be another side to the question than that which had been shown them from their cradles, and which Robert Edgeworth, at all events until the previous day, had never thought of doubting. He had accepted what he had been taught—accepted it almost as a matter of course; but something which had taken the outward form of those few words from his Bishop had broken his comfortable *insouciance*, and he knew that that could never be patched up again to look or feel as before.

Of his wife's feelings we cannot be so sure. There was that strange prayer of hers which she had used from her girlhood—that if she married, her husband might be a sure guide to her in the way of salvation; this hardly looks like the prayer of one who is quite certain that she is in the right path. Still, she may have felt no more than the vague disquiet which affects so many good people who are not in the true Faith, and yet are unconscious as to what is amiss.

Her husband's story moved her strangely, and her heart gave a ready response to the Bishop's words. And then, with the

quick intuition of a woman—the jumping to conclusions which is so mysterious to a man—she saw, as if in a glass, what would be the result of this inquiry if it were proceeded with. It meant loss of friends, home, position, and country—loss of everything but life. Her glance fell on the sunny heads of her children playing on the lawn in front of the house; and if her heart quailed, who could blame her?

Mr. Edgeworth's quiet voice broke the silence. "I must go back, dear wife, and speak to the Bishop again. I cannot let the matter rest where it is. I must study the question and find out what authority there is for this doctrine, which reveals a happiness undreamt of by us. I cannot stay as I am; something urges me forward."

"Go, then, in God's name, dear Robert," said his wife, turning resolutely from the children and looking bravely at her husband; "go and find out the truth, and help me to know the will of God and to follow it."

How often during the course of a stormy life—especially after her "sure spiritual guide" had been removed from her—had this brave woman cause to renew her prayers for resignation to the Divine will, and for guidance from on high.

So her husband rode over to consult his Bishop, and, her brother having returned to Dublin, Mrs. Edgeworth was left to ponder and pray alone at Edgeworthstown.

Not many details of the interviews between the Bishop and his subordinate have come down to us, but assuredly these conversations must have assumed a most unusual character, as interesting as it was unconventional; in fact, considering the position of the speakers, the date and the country, we venture to say no more utterly unexpected colloquy could be imagined.

Mr. Edgeworth began by confessing to the Bishop the very extraordinary effect his narration had had upon him, and with many apologies for pursuing the subject, he prayed his superior

to give him some more information on a matter which interested him so deeply. But the Bishop had not much more to say, or rather, the subject was one on which he could not in prudence say much.

"It was a day of happiness, I shall never forget it," he admitted; "but then——"

Ah, the pity of that "but then," of that "almost," of that "might have been!" How many a sad death-bed has borne its strong, silent testimony against such faint-heartedness; but when that time comes it is too late, except, indeed, as a warning to the bystanders.

At last Mr. Edgeworth ventured to ask plainly if the Bishop meant to pursue with some inquiries this vital subject.

But his Lordship could not answer in the affirmative.

"I have now arrived at that period of life," said he, "when it is too late to begin so distressing an investigation."

Then seeing the utter dissent to this proposition in Robert Edgeworth's face, the Bishop went on rather hurriedly, though with hesitation. He "occupied so elevated and responsible a position in the religious body he belonged to, he might do harm to many by unsettling their faith; he was, too, bound by oath to the Protestant Church of Ireland. He could not see that there was any necessity for destroying the prospects of his family and injuring himself by giving publicity to opinions he privately embraced."

These are the Bishop's own words; and tame and unheroic as they are, they have the merit of stating the reasons which guided their author plainly and truthfully without any attempt at disguise or whitewashing. The case undoubtedly was—as it so often is—a hard one, desperately difficult to face; and not every man has the courage of a confessor, though he might be willing to take the part of a Nathanael. And yet, it might seem that to any man who had been the witness of such a manifestation, and who had faith enough to believe in what he

had seen, any after-trial could have been but light, supported, as he would be, by the memory of that glorious certainty, and nourished by the reception of that Divine food : still, we must remember this man was not solitary ; a wife and family were dependent on him, and many who would risk much for themselves alone, hesitate and quail when their dear ones are involved in their ruin. Hundreds of clergymen have taken this step and run all risks for conscience' sake ; but one cannot be surprised when occasionally a would-be convert hesitates, stops to look round him, stands still or goes back. One must not judge him, but pity and pray for him.

Robert Edgeworth, however, was made of sterner stuff, and his wife had that keen spiritual insight which makes temporal things of absolutely secondary importance. The Rector of Edgeworthstown determined to inquire into this, the most interesting question mortal man can propose to himself—religious truth : that which would affect his happiness in life, his comfort in death, and his fate in the great mysterious hereafter. He made his wife the recipient of all his thoughts, his doubts, his discoveries ; and she, after the great example to womankind, treasured what she heard in her heart, pondered and prayed.

And it was a terrible problem. Nothing less than a certainty could justify them in the great temporal injury they would inflict on their children, who by this act would be disfranchised, would grow up aliens if not in actual exile, and would have no chance of attaining distinction in any profession, not even in the Army or Navy. Such thoughts must have harassed the mother's tender heart as she pressed her baby to her breast, and looked down on the sunny heads of little Robert and still smaller Henry, and speculated on the future of her pretty boys. Perhaps something in the gentle, steadfast eyes of her three-year-old son may have given comfort and confidence to his mother ; a very young child not unfrequently has this gift ; it is at all events certain that Mrs. Edgeworth behaved through-

out this trying time with a calm strength which must have greatly helped her husband in his difficult task.

He began at the beginning; he studied the writings of the Fathers, commencing with those nearest the Apostolic times. It is to be presumed that he had had some knowledge of the patristic works before his admittance into the Church of Ireland; but, however that may be, it is recorded that he now made a thorough study of them.

During this time of research and investigation he spoke to no Roman Catholic, though he frequently discussed the matter with Protestant divines, whose amazed disgust we can easily picture. To his Bishop, too, Mr. Edgeworth disclosed the course of his studies, and—in time—the result; but that Prelate, much as he might regret the course of affairs, could hardly say much to the man who had caught fire from the flame which he had himself kindled. He urged prudential considerations; but these had no effect on Robert Edgeworth, who replied that “worldly considerations should give way to more important motives.”

He was in the prime of life, and could not be accused of the rashness of youth or of the feeble-mindedness of senility. He stated the conclusion he had arrived at in terms that were explicit enough.

“If the Roman Catholic creed of to-day is unscriptural and idolatrous, so likewise was the creed of Justin Martyr, Chrysostom, Cyril, Ambrose, and Augustine—especially St. Augustine.” It would almost seem as if, by the special emphasis he laid on the name of the great Saint of Hippo, the speaker had foretold the rather unscrupulous annexation of the Doctor of the West by a later generation, in order to enrich the literature and forward the claims of the Anglican body. To this roll of “unscriptural and idolatrous” persons might have been added Cadoc the Wise and all the British Saints, the Venerable Bede and all his Saxon brethren down to the time of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and on again to Henry VIII. himself. All believed in relics and all believed in Rome.

Now we come to the last scene of Robert Edgeworth's life in connexion with the Church of Ireland. He still continued to discharge his ministerial duties in the parish of which he was rector ; and we can hardly conceive any position more painful to a conscientious man than to have to conduct services in which he no longer believes, and to perform priestly acts while doubting the validity of his own Orders. The struggle was not to last much longer, however.

One Sunday, after going through the Morning Service with as much composure as he could command, he ascended the pulpit to preach to his people as usual. His discourse to-day was to be on that subject which since the Bishop's disclosure had haunted him—on the Lord's Supper. When he had mounted the pulpit he opened the Bible placed on it to give out his text : he found the place, and his eyes drank in the Divine words ; then he looked up to speak them. But his conviction overpowered him : stronger than words in his ears the great truth flashed through his mind, swift as the rushing wind of Pentecost. He could not speak ; he tried even desperately to give out the text, but words failed him, he could produce no articulate sound. Humbled and ashamed, and yet with a strange joy throbbing at his heart in the midst of his confusion, he descended from the pulpit and left the church, while the astonished congregation slowly dispersed.

Robert was quickly joined by Mrs. Edgeworth, who had been a witness of the painful scene. "Never again, dear wife, that is my last sermon," said Mr. Edgeworth : and he spoke truly, for from that time forth he never entered a pulpit ; he was no longer a minister, he never had been, and never could be a priest.

CHAPTER IV.

DIVINE FAITH.

MR. EDGEWORTH felt that any further delay would be not only prejudicial to his own soul, but also injurious and unfair to the flock—scanty though that might be—which had been given over to his keeping. He therefore sought his Bishop once more, and formally resigned his living into his hands. No details of this last interview have come down to us; but we can imagine how painful a one it must have been to each of these gentlemen, who had been so closely united by the bonds of friendship, by the requirements of their several offices, and by a sympathy of opinions. Yet the separation now must be complete. No toleration was in those days shown to “perverts,” and the Bishop, even if he had wished it, dared not run counter to public opinion. All we know of the interview is that “Robert Edgeworth solemnly, before witnesses, renounced his connexion with the Established Church.”

His next step was to go to Dublin, and to seek for a priest under whose instruction he might place himself. This would be a very easy thing to do in these days, but in 1747 it was not quite such a simple matter. Penal Laws were still in force; priests were still hunted from place to place. They were no longer butchered in cold blood, and that was about as far as toleration had yet reached. George II. was on the throne, and his reign is remarkable as being the first since the Reformation in which no new law was enacted against Catholics. But the old ones were still in force, and were sufficiently severe to render a priest's position almost intolerable: sixty years had passed since the last martyrdom—that of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett, but still under an Act of William III., a priest was liable to perpetual imprisonment for saying Mass or performing any priestly function; and as a reward of £100 was offered for the conviction of any priest

guilty of these offences, the law was not allowed to lie idle. £100 was a large sum in those days. Priests were still hunted down and lived under protest. In this very year 1747, Bishop York writes to the Propaganda at Rome a letter which describes most graphically in a very few words the life of a priest at that date: "We are compelled to fly from house to house and from city to city. For eighteen months and more I have been a fugitive from my ordinary residence, and as yet have no fixed abode." Bishops and priests frequently had to escape to France or Belgium, or lurk concealed in out-of-the-way places; Mass was prohibited, and so, of course, was all administration of the Sacraments. One does not meet with any record in those days of Protestant divines calling themselves priests or alluding to the "Mass" they have just been celebrating.

Having found a priest—whose name, however, for sufficiently obvious reasons has not transpired—Robert Edgeworth placed himself under a course of instruction, and he does not seem to have been kept long in the state of a catechumen. Having professed himself, before witnesses, a sincere convert to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, he was solemnly received into the Fold.

And so one result of the Bishop's vision was achieved. Another, as might be anticipated, soon followed. Mrs. Edgeworth had taken part in her husband's studies and in his prayers; no doubt, she had helped to inspire him with the courage which such a step in those days demanded, and to her also the grace of conviction was given: shortly after her husband's reception she too became a Catholic, with, of course, all their little flock of children. And so six souls were gathered into the Mother's bosom, and shortly after a seventh joined them—one whose submission to the old Faith was, humanly speaking, a most improbable occurrence—involving as it did the complete overthrow of all his preconceived notions of the supremacy of his own intellect.

Mr. Ussher, the elegant young man of the world, the cultivated and fastidious arbiter on all matters of taste, the admired writer and the envied possessor of an unusual amount of wit and intellect—for did not his works on Freethinking prove him to be exceptionally talented; it is always so clever not to believe? Mr. Ussher, we say, resolved to give up all these advantages and prove himself a fool for Christ. He also was received into the Church; and we can picture the joy of the little family group as they revelled in their new-found happiness in those first days in Dublin—and we think few people would be hard-hearted enough to grudge them their bliss, remembering the trials to come.

The Penal Laws are not a pleasant subject to the descendants either of those who suffered from them or of those who made them. Most people who know of them have the good feeling to be heartily ashamed of them, which is, perhaps, the reason why they are so sparingly alluded to in our histories that the great majority of our young people grow up in happy ignorance that they ever existed. Still, as these laws—carried out unsparingly at the time of which we write—had a great effect in determining the future life of Henry Edgeworth, we must give a brief sketch of them here. Hume says: “A very severe Act against the Roman Catholics was passed in 1700, in consequence of the number of priests that came over to England after the peace of Ryswick. By this law priests or Jesuits exercising their functions, or teaching, were liable to imprisonment for life; and all Catholics who, within six months after attaining the age of eighteen, refused to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and to subscribe the declarations against Transubstantiation and the worship of Saints, were declared incapable of purchasing, inheriting, or holding landed property.” Charles Butler says these laws were daily put in force.*

No one was allowed to teach in any school or family

* “Historical Memoirs of the English Catholics.”

without a licence from the Protestant Bishop appointed by the King. Everyone had to receive "the Sacrament" at the parish church once a year; penalty, £20 for the first offence, £40 for the second, then £60, and so on. The churchwardens got forty shillings for the name of each recusant—those who merely did not attend the services; the larger fines, for refusing to receive Communion, were divided equally between King and informer. If anyone went abroad without taking the oath (acknowledging the spiritual supremacy of the King), he was considered a felon. Catholics were forbidden to practise common or civil law, to be counsellors, advocates, attorneys, proctors, or clerks, without taking the oaths to William and Mary, or to bear any commission in Army or Navy, under pain of £100 for every offence.*

In the "Bill of Rights," passed in the first year of William and Mary, all persons were required, on oath, to declare they owned the King as their only spiritual head, otherwise they were punished as Popish recusants. Catholics were not allowed to have arms or ammunition, and their houses might be searched at any time. They were not allowed to have a horse above £5 in value—at least, they were obliged to take that sum should any passer-by offer it for the animal. The only way in which a Catholic could evade this law—surely the pettiest piece of tyranny ever framed—was to make some Protestant friend the owner of the horse. This was often done, to the actual knowledge of the writer's father.

"The private exercise of the Catholic religion was punished with enormous penalties. The Prelates and pastors of that religion were delivered over to . . . ruffians licensed by law to hunt them out like wild beasts, and amply rewarded for the successful chase"—£100 for apprehending a priest saying Mass! This was also the fine for sending a child abroad to school. But the law which, perhaps, most nearly affected

* "A sketch of the Penal Laws."

the Edgeworths was the infamous one obliging all Catholics above eighteen years of age to subscribe to the declaration (of supremacy), otherwise they were disqualified from inheriting landed estates, which were handed over to the next Protestant heir. This law may certainly be branded as infamous, for it sets a bribe to induce members of the same family to betray each other; by it an unscrupulous younger brother could secure for himself property rightfully belonging to his more conscientious elder.

All Catholics had to pay double land tax, and they frequently had extra burdens placed on their well-laden shoulders. They were not allowed to buy land in Ireland; they had no rights as citizens; they were not admitted to Parliament, as the following Act, not repealed till the reign of George IV., shows: "No Peer or member of the House of Commons shall sit or vote without taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and making a declaration repudiating the doctrine of Transubstantiation, the adoration of the Virgin, and the Sacrifice of the Mass. Peers and members offending are to be deemed and adjudged *Popish Recusants convict*, and are to forfeit £500." Every king or queen of this realm had also to make this declaration; if infants, "then as soon as he or she shall attain the age of twelve years."

Whoever brought into England any Missal, Psalter, or Catholic book, was fined, and the books were confiscated: two justices could enter the houses of Papists and *deface and burn any crucifix*, beads, Popish relic, or book as it pleased them; or they might hand over the crucifixes to be defaced at the next Quarter Sessions. Could this be "Christian England"? Far better at that time to have lived in the most pagan country in the world. More endurable by far the persecutions of some heathen Emperor, who, burning a church, sends scores of Christians by a fiery path to Heaven, or slays thousands of them by the sharp swords of his soldiers; far more tolerable, we say,

would such a quick trial be than the spirit-crushing persecution endured by Catholics for two centuries-and-a-half in England in comparatively modern times. The hiding and lurking, the difficulty of discerning friend from foe, the betrayals, the spiritual destitution, the slow draining away of money and lands, persons in affluence being often reduced to extreme poverty from constantly recurring fines ; the frightful temptation to barter conscience for the present ease of dearly-loved children or old parents ; the perpetual humiliations offered socially to Papists, who were considered to have no rights and no feelings—all this must have rendered the “ Reformation ” persecutions more galling and more trying to bear than the more hot-blooded tyranny of ancient times. No churches or chapels were allowed, except a few in London under the protection of the French, Spanish, or Sardinian Ambassadors ; otherwise, an upper chamber in some nobleman’s house, an out-of-the-way room in an inn, or a barn among some farmer’s out-houses had to serve as places wherein to offer the Divine Sacrifice. Even fifty years later than the date of which we write, when a Relief Act had been passed, these buildings were still placed down dark alleys and in obscure corners, and were called among the Faithful by such names as “ the Ark,” “ the New Building,” “ the Garden-house,” and so forth, existing, as they did, still under protest, and with the advent of a Lord George Gordon to be expected at any time. The adjectives “ skulking ” and “ underhand ” were often applied to the Catholics of these days ; but if they did walk a little delicately, is it to be wondered at ? What is a greater matter of marvel is that the Catholic religion was not utterly stamped out of England ; and there is but one explanation of this marvel—the last promise of Our Lord to His Church.

*German Art.**(Concluded from last month.)*

MEANWHILE, if it is easy to criticise these various failings, it behoves us to recognise one fact which stands out above them all, a fact which must command the warm, nay, the envying sympathy and admiration of every artist in our time, and especially in this land—namely, the universal and imperious desire which possessed the Germans in those days to surround themselves, each according to his means, with the delights of art in every form. Of the extent of this passion for the adornment of their houses travel along the more conventional highways of Germany conveys no adequate idea. Very many, indeed, have seen the beautiful façade of the Salzhaus, in Frankfort, of the Kammerzell House at Strasburg, or of the house in Hanover where Leibnitz lived and worked ; but it is only in such towns, for example, as Brunswick, or, even better, Hildesheim, where house after house in long succession has some enrichment of carving or painting, or both, that one can appreciate to the full the universality of this taste, as well, no doubt, as its æsthetic limitation ; and whilst we see in these towns profoundly interesting examples of the external aspects of a German town of the Renaissance, we shall find, for instance at Lübeck, examples of internal decoration of remarkable effectiveness and splendour, and of high artistic quality in the wainscoting of the War Council Room of the Town Hall, and in the yet more beautiful adornment of a room in the house of a merchant of that city, one Fredehagen. In this room, which is not very spacious, the

walls are clothed up to the ceiling with most elaborate, and, for the school, exceptionally pure and daintily-wrought decoration, well fitted to the scale of the apartment; columns, panels, niches, statues, caryatides, rich and delicate white marble reliefs happily contrasting with the carved and inlaid woods—together a little masterpiece. Again, at the other extremity of the country, in Swabian Augsburg, the famous family of the Fugger had, at a somewhat earlier date, decorated their palace hardly less sumptuously, but giving preponderance, after the Southern fashion, to painting, and in this case using the hand of foreigners. Well might that enlightened dilettante, traveller, and future Pope, Enea Sylvio, record his admiration of the internal appointment of the houses of the Germans.

But it is now time to consider briefly how the arts of painting and of sculpture were, in their turn, affected by the conditions and circumstances of which we have so far taken note. And first of sculpture, a subject on which I need not dwell at length, amongst other reasons because, whereas in speaking of architecture much can be referred to broad æsthetic principles, in the case of sculpture of which the human figure is the subject criticism, except of the most general kind, is impossible, or, at least, ineffectual in the absence of the work alluded to. Of German sculpture it may be said, speaking broadly, that, in spite of considerable individual achievement, it cannot be regarded as often, if, indeed, ever reaching the highest level of excellence. What we have already observed of the peculiarities of the æsthetic organisation of the German race prepares us to find this so, whilst on the other hand its fine sincerity and its intensity of purpose lead us to expect, in the frequent absence of subtle delightfulness or reposeful dignity, a never-failing vigour, and an uncompromising, if unselecting, pursuit of truth; and in this expectation we shall not be deceived. The first thing which would, I think, strike you on a general survey of German sculpture is the superiority of its early promise to its

eventual achievement, and the sharp contrast between the work of the Middle Ages and that of the period which synchronises with the Renaissance in other lands.

As far back as the Carolingian days, and, indeed, still earlier, great activity was displayed in a form of plastic art which remained in much favour till the twelfth century—namely, carving in ivory—an art inherited directly from the Romans, whose richly decorated consular tablets served as a model for those massive and often beautiful covers of missals and Gospel-books which are to be found in profusion in the museums of Europe. These carvings, generally rude in execution, reveal at times surprising vitality and dramatic feeling. For vigour and freedom, combined with a certain classic dignity and restraint, an ivory in the Library of St. Gallen may be cited. It is ascribed to one Tutilo, a Monk of the tenth century, who seems in his amazing versatility of genius, married to exceptional bodily strength, to have been a sort of prototype of Leonardo da Vinci. Bronze came early into use for church furniture and for doors, under which head it may be interesting to you to note, by the way, a peculiarity in the treatment of relief on the famous doors of the Dom of Hildesheim. They are divided, as usual, into panels containing Biblical subjects. The figures in these panels are in low relief up to the height of the chest, at which point they bend suddenly and boldly forward and detach themselves at a very open angle from the background, producing by the strong shadows thus cast a very original and I may add, an unexpectedly agreeable effect. Monumental sculpture was, during the great building ages in Germany, as elsewhere, mainly called into activity and largely controlled, by architecture, and the increasing attenuation of the figures which peopled porches and decorated shafts is the natural corollary of the increasing narrowness of the vertical features in the architecture of the day; and it is amusing to note that the restraint and control which were, so to speak, taken in good part

and with a sense of their fitness by the sculptors of France, seem frequently to have been resented by the more rugged and self-assertive Germans, and led to an angular obtrusion of elbows and an irritable thrusting out of hips in excess of anything we find in the Gothic sculpture of France, and which German art, indeed, never quite shook off. Amidst not little that is clumsy and rude in the mediæval sculpture of Germany there is yet much also to admire. I would quote, among many instances, the carvings on the exterior of Strasburg Cathedral, especially, perhaps, the statues and reliefs added in the thirteenth century to the beautiful Romanesque south porch—works full of dignity and pathos, ascribed to a sculptress, Sabina by name, who has been held, with little regard to dates, to be the daughter of Erwin von Steinbach. Amongst the most interesting examples of sculpture of the thirteenth century are the effigies of Henry the Lion and his English wife Mathilda, in Brunswick Cathedral. In this work are seen a calm and placid beauty and a stately breadth of form which I have hardly found anywhere under a later date; and incline one to feel that other things, besides a Royal house, suffered eclipse in the days of the decline of the Hohenstaufens. More than one other work of this period seems to me to justify some such feeling. There are, for instance, in the Cathedral of Bamberg—so remarkable for its sculptural enrichment—two statues, one a virgin and the other a sybil, both beautiful, but the latter almost antique in its character, and stamped with a stateliness and nobility to which the days of the Minnesänger were surely more propitious than those of the rugged burghers who were soon to rise to power and to rule in the art-producing world. Nor would it be difficult to add to the list of works which seemed to point to a loftier standard than was eventually to be reached in German sculpture. During the thirteenth century, as in architecture so in sculpture, French influence made itself increasingly felt, and it prevailed largely during the fourteenth and part of the

fifteenth centuries, in which period good, if not superlative, work was produced—at Freiburg, for example, at Nuremberg, at Brunswick, at Cologne, and elsewhere.

As, however, the fifteenth century advanced, that tendency to realistic and individualising treatment of form which was to bring about, as we shall presently see, so vital a change in painting, began to assert itself strongly also in sculpture; and this at a time when German carvers, impatient of control, were daily more shaking off the unwelcome and restraining yoke of architecture, and in the shape of carved shrines and altars richly gilded and brightly coloured a class of work came into vogue in which the artist—for the first time absolutely free and having to deal with themes of a purely narrative and didactic character—indulged to the full that passion for telling a story in art which is characteristic of the Teutonic peoples. I cannot but feel that this class of work elicited in a majority of cases little of the best, much of the less good, in the artistic organisation of the people. In the engrossing desire to narrate dramatically all sense of beauty and æsthetic propriety was obscured; the love of multiplicity, the lack of the sense of measure, led in the treatment of relief to a crowding and a confusion which are often deplorable: a crowding in all directions, so that not only is the field filled from angle to angle, but figures further huddled in detached relief one in front of the other—three, indeed sometimes four, deep. Again, an innate leaning to the angular and a reaction against the lengthened clinging lines once imposed on sculpture by the controlling architect led to a vehement crinkling and tossing of draperies which bore no relation, except in their rocky angularity, to the quant and bony limbs they clad; whilst the want of care for variety of emphasis brought about a spotty restlessness of aspect which distresses the eye in the absence of any controlling feature or restful interval. That

these general blemishes were at times redeemed through the genius of individual artists is undeniable. Among such artists in the Gothic period the first place is generally assigned to Adam Kraft, the author of the famous—but, in my opinion, over-rated—tabernacle, the Sakramentshäuschen as it is called, in the Lorenz Kirche in Nuremberg, and of other well-known and meritorious works in that city, such as the Pergersdorf Monument in the Frauen Kirche, and the reliefs on the exterior of the Church of St. Sebaldus. Far more attractive, however, to me personally is Veit-Stosz, whose beautiful work in the Lorenz Kirche I have already noted, and to whom is ascribed a Madonna, rapt in adoration, now seen in the Germanic Museum in Nuremberg, a work which in its dignity and sweetness stands alone in German Gothic sculpture—a work, too, which, wrought as it was by a worthless, disreputable fellow, shows in its elevation pathetically enough how purifying a thing within itself is this art of yours to those who love it nobly. In the works of which I have so far spoken no trace is visible of Italian forms; in those, however, of the renowned bronze founder, Peter Vischer, who, though somewhat younger than Kraft, produced his best-known work only a score of years after the completion of that artist's shrine in the Church of St. Lorenz, their fascination is early seen to assert itself, and if in his tomb of St. Sebaldus the constructive idea is Gothic, the forms are almost wholly those of the Italian Renaissance. This interesting monument, which can be studied by you, as can also Adam Kraft's entombment, at the South Kensington Museum, is in its conception elegant, original, and full of fancy; a fancy rather unpruned, especially in the treatment of the base, which shows much licence and confusion in its design. It is impossible not to be charmed with this rich and fantastic work, on which honest Peter Vischer, whose quaint image in his simple working garb confronts you at the foot of his masterpiece, laboured with his five sons, lovingly, for a dozen years; and it is only on a close

inspection—and reluctantly—that we become aware of the really curious rudeness of much of its workmanship, which we cannot help mentally comparing with the admirable finish of, for instance, the thirteenth-century effigy, in Cologne Cathedral, of Conrad von Hochstaden, its founder.

Before leaving the subject of German sculpture I should like to give you one illustration, and an amusing one, of a marked characteristic of German art—namely, the comprehensive love it evinces for all animal creation—not for birds only; they sweeten with their presence all mediæval art—but for every kind of beast also, and of insect. In the Stephan's Kirche in Vienna there is a very fine and stately monument erected to the memory of the Emperor Frederick III. I will not dwell here on its considerable merits, but will confine myself to the point in question. Round its base there runs between vigorous mouldings a sort of shallow trough in which wallow and disport themselves beasts of various kinds, real and imaginary. Prominent amongst them is a dog, bent, as is the wont of dogs, and only too successfully, on the quest of fleas about his person. Now, deceived by the humble position in the design of this inquiring animal, I first saw in the placing of the incident a symbolic allusion to the leaving here below in death of the unclean things of the world; but—alas for my illusions!—I presently discovered a precisely similar episode on the very crown of the upper cornice, and above a series of sculptures, treating, all of them, subjects from Holy Writ.

And now, in conclusion, a word on the subject of painting, in which branch of art Germany rose, in the persons of two consummate artists, to levels not reached by her in sculpture. In those early days in which we just now noted such marked activity in plastic art, painting also, both in the shape of illumination and of mural decoration, was widely practised, and, indeed, for this latter form of art Romanesque churches were peculiarly adapted; the broad expanse of naked wall which, in the general absence of

a triforium separated the aisle arches from the upper windows, calling imperatively for pictorial adornment. There is, in fact, little doubt that every important church of the Romanesque period was enriched, more or less, with mural painting—some churches, indeed, from end to end, as in the case of that most beautiful and suggestive example, St. Mary, on the Capitol, in Cologne, in which there is not a single sculptured ornament and hardly a moulding anywhere; the entire surface, walls, piers, and ceiling, being clothed in one many-coloured garment. Of the paintings of this period the great majority has, unfortunately, disappeared, and those that have escaped destruction have suffered in most cases such ruthless renovation that it is difficult to form any judgment as to their quality. The best example amongst those that I have seen, and a fairly preserved one, is on the roof of the nave of the Michael's Kirche, at Hildesheim, a rich and powerful design, along the centre of which is unfolded in successive fields a colossal tree of Jesse, a work of the middle of the fourteenth century. With the introduction of the Gothic style, and the resulting curtailment of wall-space, the place of wall-painting in the architectural scheme was usurped, as in France, by painting on glass; of the achievements of which, in Germany, forced as I am to a condensation less than just to so wide a subject, I can say, here, no more than that I feel unable to endorse fully the high opinion formed of it by German critics. Some extremely fine, and especially in the matter of tone very powerful, specimens I have indeed seen, but in too many cases I have found colour harsh and crude, sometimes to a distressing extent. I have before my mind, amongst others, certain windows in the clerestory of a great Cathedral, in which a vicious green, a virulent yellow, and a ruthless red unite in a consent which recalls in the region of sound the harmonies that greet us within the cockatoo house of the Zoological Gardens. Meanwhile, if mural painting was thus starved and pushed aside, easel painting blossomed vigorously forth, and, not seldom,

with admirable results, as we shall presently see. It is customary, on grounds which are not obvious to me, to include in a survey of German painting the works of the School of Slavonic Bohemia, the earliest to spring into prominence and the first to die out. Bowing to this custom, I will say here that such works of this school as I have seen in Prague and in Vienna are, in the depth of their colour, and in a certain forceful dignity, very striking, and suggest high promise of eventual development. A rather curious circumstance may be noted in regard to them—namely, that they bring before us what we do not expect among Slavs, a type of very long-nosed men. An early seat of activity in painting was also Nuremberg; but that art reaches during the Middle Ages its highest level in the Rhineland, and notably and admittedly in pious and opulent Cologne. “No limner of Cologne or of Maestricht,” exclaims Wolfram v. Eschenbach, in describing Parsival, radiant in his knightly armour, “could paint him more beautiful than he was.” Here two masters especially stand forth in the close of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth centuries, Meister Wilhelm, and, after him, Meister Stephan Lochner, both artists of a high order. Great suavity and dignity marked their art—an art which reflected the mystic fervour that reigned in those days at Cologne. It was an art from which character and individualisation were almost wholly absent, and of which the unreal aspect was emphasised by the habitual omission of any indications of sky or landscape, and by the relief of the figures against a background of gold, often stamped with a richly-decorative pattern. In the second half of the fifteenth century the transformation which we have already observed in statuary gradually asserted itself in painting, also under influences drawn from Flanders: for it is to Flanders, and not to Italy, that young German artists were wont at that period to turn for inspiration and for training. Fired by the example of the Van Eycks, of Rogier, Van de Weyde, and of others, painters in

Germany betook themselves to a closer observation of Nature, and a more realistic tone was soon manifest in their works. Landscape now began to assert itself, but so deep-rooted was the habit of the traditional background of gold that some further time elapsed before a blue sky was suffered to take its place behind tree and hill and city. In the paintings of this second phase of the Cologne School much life and a facile invention are seen; but, nevertheless, in every quality of technical perfection they fall far short of their Flemish prototypes, and it is further south, at Colmar, in the region of the Upper Rhine, and in the great centres of Franconia and Swabia that we must look for the fullest development of the new school and for its highest achievements. The greatest precursor of the riper and more accomplished art of Albert Dürer was, without doubt, Martin Shengauer, of Colmar, whose "Madonna in the Rose Bower," now in the Church of St. Martin of that city, is a work of strange nobility and force; a painting Flemish, indeed, in its inspiration, but with something also of Southern gravity and repose which is never absent from his work, and which we shall miss in the far completer art of his famous successor, Dürer. In the chief city of Franconia, and the centre, in that day, of the trade of Europe, in Nuremberg, where we have already seen architecture and sculpture flourish, was also a school of painters, of which the patriarch, if we may so call him, was Michael Wohlgemuth, the master of Dürer, an able, a vigorous, a prolific, and, I fear we must add, a rather prosaic and humdrum wielder of the brush, whose virtues and defects, no doubt, mirrored in the main those of the majority of his and Hans Sachs's fellow-townsmen.

It is curious, by the way, to note that in the age in which intellectual life thrived exclusively among the burgher class, and at a time when there was an enormous demand for works of art, either for delight, or as an outward sign of worldly prosperity, or

for didactic purposes, the general *status* of an artist was as humble as his remuneration was paltry. Even the most conspicuous painters, Albert Dürer himself not excluded, lived, when in their own country, largely by designs for engraving on wood or copper, and were, in fact, more widely known through this channel than through any other. Holbein had to leave Bâle, because he could not make an adequate living there; and nothing struck Dürer more in Venice than the high social esteem in which painters were held. "Here," he writes to his friend Pirkheimer, "I am a gentleman; at home I am but a vagabond." I am not here attempting any enumeration of German artists or their works; I am simply seeking to trace in its general features the development of art in Germany. I shall, therefore, not dwell on the career of the great artist whom I have last named; his magnificent gifts, his inexhaustible fecundity of invention, his never-faltering power of work are known to you, if in no other way, through numberless woodcuts and engravings bearing his name and reproducing his drawings; for you have, unfortunately, in this country little access to his painted works. A word or two will suffice as to the main characteristics of his genius.

Albert Dürer may be regarded as *par excellence* the typical German artist—far more so than his great contemporary, Holbein. He was a man of a strong and upright nature, bent on pure and high ideals; a man ever seeking, if I may use his own characteristic expression, to make known through his work the mysterious treasure that was laid up in his heart. He was a thinker, a theorist, and, as you know, a writer; like many of the great artists of the Renaissance, he was steeped also in the love of science. His work was in his own image; it was, like nearly all German art, primarily ethic in its complexion; like all German art, it bore traces of foreign influence—drawn, in this case, first from Flanders, and later from Italy. In his work, as in all

German art, the national character asserted itself above every trammel of external influence. Superbly inexhaustible as a designer, as a draughtsman, he was powerful, thorough, and minute to a marvel, but never without a certain almost calligraphic mannerism of hand, wanting in spontaneous simplicity, never broadly serene. In his colour he was rich and vivid, not always unerring as to his harmonies, not alluring in his execution—withal a giant. Hardly less important than Nuremberg as a centre of wealth and commerce, or in its love of art, was the great Swabian city Augsburg, the home of those princes among the merchants of this day, the Fuggers ; and of the genius of the Swabian School, Hans Holbein the younger, the only other painter to whom time allows me to make special allusion, is the noblest product and the supreme glory. I say the Swabian School : for although the name of Holbein is closely connected with Bâle, where he long resided, he was born at Augsburg, in which town his father, himself an artist of great gifts, lived and worked. In Holbein we have a complete contrast to the great Franconian of whom I have just spoken : a man not prone to theorise, not steeped in speculation, a dreamer of no dreams ; without passion, but full of joyous fancies, he looked out with serene eyes upon the world around him ; accepting Nature without pre-occupation or afterthought, but with a keen sense of all her subtle beauties, loving her simply and for herself. As a draughtsman he displayed a flow, a fulness of form, and an almost classic restraint, which are wanting in the work of Dürer, and are, indeed, not found elsewhere in German art. As a colourist he had a keen sense of the value of tone relations, a sense in which Dürer again was lacking ; not so Teutonic in every way as the Nuremberg master, he formed a link between the Italian and the German races. A less powerful personality than Dürer, he was a far superior painter. Proud, indeed, may that country be that counts two names

so great in art. I am loth to pass over in silence the many other men, some of them justly known to fame, that adorned the schools of which I have spoken, and others of which I have made no mention ; but what I have said may, perhaps, suffice to illustrate the subject of our inquiry.

Meanwhile, in an estimate of the artistic production of Germany, some mention—if brief—must find a place of its surprising fruitfulness in the field of those minor arts which subserve more immediately the material needs of men. I have spoken already of the great wealth of jewellery and goldsmiths' work which has been preserved to us from very early days and in exceptional abundance from the Carlovingian age, at which period there were great schools of the goldsmiths' craft both at Cologne and Aachen. The magnificence of the shrines, reliquaries, chalices, and the like produced at that time is, indeed, truly astonishing. A love of work in the precious metals continued to burn through the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance yielded some of its most beautiful fruit at the hands of the goldsmiths and jewellers, for whom Dürer, the Behams, and Holbein, amongst others, furnished designs that have not since been surpassed. Throughout the Middle Ages it was in the service of the Church that the goldsmiths chiefly laboured ; but not the goldsmiths only, and such works as the great seven-armed candelabra at Brunswick, and the large chandelier which spans the nave of the Cathedral of Hildesheim, are there to show us what, already in the eleventh century, the brassfounders of Germany could achieve.

Gradually, however, with the growing prosperity of the cities, and the increasing wealth which a world-wide commerce poured into the pockets of the burghers, art found more and more scope in the adornment of civic and private life. More and more it seized upon every object, not of mere display, but of daily use ; everywhere we see manifest that constant and consistent desire that everything which has form and colour, and is capable of

adornment, shall be ennobled by the touch of art, which is such a lesson and rebuke to us, who are of kindred blood, in this day of desultory dilettantism or vague indifference. For not the paraphernalia of State alone, not alone the armour of the knight or the chain of the patrician, were thought, in that more favoured day than ours, to call for the added grace of beauty, but every humblest, household, necessary thing; the platter (though of lead), the spoon (albeit of wood), the knife, the mug, the jug, the housewife's key, the dresser, the cupboard—all these called forth in turn delightful manifestations of designing skill; and on few objects, perhaps, were loving care and abounding adornment more freely lavished than on that symbol in the eyes of every German of the sheltered peace of home—the earthen stove. On all these things we read the stamp of the race; we trace in them its virtues of vigour, of industry, and of inexhaustible intellectual fertility; we trace in them also its shortcomings, the lack of delicacy of touch, and of a controlling sense of beauty. One more craft remains yet to be noticed, which is very characteristic of Germany, and one which gave exceptional scope to the German love of the intricate and fantastic—namely, the beautiful craft of the workers in iron. Gates, chapel railings, railings round fonts in churches, railings round those many public fountains with which German streets are gay, attest everywhere their skill in a profusion of rich and fanciful designs—often of great charm and felicity—invariably of much character. Such, then, was during the Renaissance period the activity of German craftsmen over every field of art. A great national convulsion was soon to paralyse and arrest it. In the nineteenth year of the seventeenth century the ruthless war broke out which in the name of religion ravaged the land for thirty years, bringing ruin to Germany and a long eclipse to its intellectual life. Here, therefore, I leave this too fragmentary and inadequate outline of a great subject, with the hope, only

that I may have made clear, in some few points at least, the bearing of the facts I have brought before you in the elucidation of the problem with which for some years past these addresses have been concerned. And, surely, in no country have the fundamental attributes of a race more vividly stamped themselves for good or for not good on its artistic production than in the land of the strong and strenuous race which has occupied our thoughts to-night.

From Baldwin's Buildings.

IT was in March of that our year of grace when the third month came in on a cyclone and went out on a blizzard, that Reardon first turned himself from dull acceptance of "Things Existing," to thought of Things As They Might Be. It was Dutch Jan (he who worked at his trade as a cabinet-maker, in open scorn of strikes, and who had a shameless habit of glorying in his home, and wife, and child, that no outside mockery could eradicate), who first set the mud-clogged feet of Reardon's thoughts in that same direction.

As Reardon entered his home—Room No. 27 of Baldwin's Buildings (and they lie Whitechapel way), that particular March night when the tale begins—and ends—he stumbled on the threshold, giddy, not so much through drink (he had not been properly drunk for a fortnight, owing to the ruinous Depression in Trade) as through Thought Itself. That his action passed unheeded by his wife tells its own story. Dazed still by the newly-awakened intelligences swarming on his brain, Reardon made for the Only Other Chair and sat down, in chill silence, to take his bearings in that deep sea into which he was unwittingly plunged.

He stared around him with eyes outwardly vacant, but taking in every detail with microscopic accuracy and realisation that would have been pain if he had known what pleasure felt like. There was the Room itself, No. 27, Baldwin's Buildings, East. There was Jenny, his wife, bent double over the seventh coarse calico shirt she had made since the last dawn, for the enterprising

middle-man who "employed" her. There was the half-starved Cat—as usual, damn it!—(croaking before that piece of smoking coke he could have almost put in his pipe, in which Reardon recognised his fire) who *would* not take the hint (conveyed twice daily through his hob-nailed boots) that he did not wish for her hungry presence in his house.

And there was Milly, also as usual, lying back on her pillow, with both hands pressed over her ears and a face distorted through pain.

It was at the moment when his eyes had arrived at this point on their steady stare round, that Milly flung up her hands with a little shrill shriek, and beat the air over her head, writhing her tiny ten-year old body the while, till the tattered sheet that covered it was twisted into a knot. At the first cry Jenny's fingers tightened on her needle and shirt, but she knew better than to move from her seat. When she raised her face, with all the colour wiped out, to say, half apologetically, to the staring, silent man in his corner: "'Tis the abscesses comin' makes the pain wus"—you could see *which* of the lines on her forehead lay to Milly's account, solely and singly.

Jim Reardon made no reply. Neither the sound nor the action from the bed was unfamiliar, and Thought was still supreme. The keenest edge of her agony having passed, Milly lay back again, and Jenny pulled out her last half-dozen stitches, because they were what any self-respecting middle-man (and Jenny's respected himself highly) would have been justified in dismissing on the spot an employé for, who brought him such. Reardon's Thought was racing to its Goal.

Milly had had abscesses on her head ever since she was a baby; hence the bandaged head which has not yet been formally introduced to you. Because several doctors had told her "*nothing*" could cure her child, Jenny (in the face of the neighbours' advice and adverse criticism, and in the very teeth of her husband's command) kept it at home, instead of trying

for a hospital ticket of admission. "She's all I've got," argued Jenny to herself and Jim; "an' *they* can't make 'er well, nohow."

Jim thought his wife was as big a fool as the doctors who couldn't make a sick child well; but in his worst drunken moods spared the little bed in the corner.

You will not care to hear what Milly's head was like. She herself would tell you (if she was not in extreme pain), and almost with pride, she "'ad 'leven abscesses on 'er 'ead." Just now one was forming in each ear; hence those cries and that piteous air-beating every twenty minutes or so. Until the abscess formed and broke, Milly suffered thus. It was the process of that formation that was her "bad time." When this was over Milly could enjoy life again until another began to come.

To have *two* going on at once was rather hard lines, Milly thought, after the "time" had come and gone. During that "time" it was not possible to think of anything. It was only necessary to hold her hands over both ears hard. "'Twill be better soon, dearie," was what Jenny said, for the thirty-ninth time that day, rearranging the twisted knot into something of the semblance of a cover over Milly's emaciated body.

Reardon, with a sudden start, overtook his racing Thought, and in the overtaking of it arrived at the Goal both had been making for. At the same instant the half-starved cat leapt to his knee, uttering a croak the while that could only be considered unhallowed defiance, considering his often and forcibly expressed opinion of its presence there.

"It's bin this hever since I kin remember," thought the man, who was thirty years old. "Jenny bent in two over 'er bloomin' work. The kid screechin' on its bed; an' the pain 'ere an' 'ere."

The first "'ere" located his dazed brain; the second his stomach. They were Drink and Hunger Signals—only he did not know enough to know this.

"It's bin this always," thought the man, "an' it'll go on bein' like this for always to come!"

The suddenness with which he had caught up that Thought, and with it had arrived at his journey's end, so bewildered him that he forgot to throw the cat off his knee. With the boldness of her sex, surprised with an unexpected Victory, this thing began to "settle" herself.

"It's never bin no diff'rent, an' it'll never *be* no diff'rent, 'cept when it gits worse," thought Reardon, gazing into the depths of Things Existing with remarkable perspicuity and accuracy of vision, now he had followed that Thought home.

I cannot say in so many words that this, his realisation of "Things," troubled the man. Comparison, in his case, was impossible; and Dutch Jan's talk, although the man had an irritating habit of speaking the truth, was only "Words." Now Reardon's own home and home life were "Facts."

They had been "Facts," unanswerable and undisputable, for a longer time than he could work back to now with untrained memory. Yet, until this day, this hour, they had never come home to him as such, or as What They Were.

Realising this, Reardon remembered as suddenly, and for the first time since he had stumbled over his threshold, and remembered in Capital Letters such as I am employing so largely in these pages, that he had not yet told Jenny (who he knew was seven weeks behind in her rent) that his mates in the Docks had gone on strike, and that, of course, he had gone out also.

To tell her was the work of five seconds, and the mechanical utterance of a few words hardly drew Reardon from his new attitude of contemplation of himself and his belongings. Nothing that could hereafter be said or done, through a lifetime of years, could ever wipe the look off Jenny's face those half-dozen words laid on it.

"Then Hi know *What* it means," whispered Jenny.

Reardon did not hear her. He did not hear the cat breathing

loudly and fast against his buttoned-up only upper garment. He had gone so far on that royal road of Thought that he was actually wondering if, supposing he lived thirty more years, the double pain would be thirty times more intense. Or if (with that same supposition) Jenny would be able to stand upright at all. She could just do it now, by an effort. Or, finally, if he would still be a Docker, liable to go on strike any day his mates agreed to ; or——

Thought would go no farther on the unfamiliar road. It was still more impossible to think of Milly thirty years hence.

Milly's mother, who had sat still and stitched those enormous and impossible stitches while Milly cried out and beat the air, laid down her work when Jim said, in his absent way, he'd gone on strike with his mates ; and laid it down for the night (although the day's work of seven shirts was not yet accomplished !) as you could see by the folding up and putting away process that followed very quickly from Jenny's trembling fingers.

Jim, from his corner, stared at Jenny, hanging over Milly's bed, with cheeks painted white and eyes of hopeless agony. Stared at her as she lifted in her arms Milly, twisted sheet and all, and carried her off to nurse her in her lap and hold her against her breast, before the piece of coke and the greasy smoke-column. Stared at her rocking Milly to and fro, while the claw-like hands pressed harder on the aching ears, and Milly looked up at her mother with nearly as hopeless eyes of pain.

"She couldn't do the kid any good, or make its pain less, mess over it as she might," thought Reardon ; and became aware that the cat was asleep against his own body.

To its undisguised astonishment, this cat found itself being placed on its legs ten seconds later, awkwardly, lingeringly—*gently*.

"It's got to go," said Jenny, staring up at Reardon standing over them both in the twilight. "I'd ha' kept it through thick

an' thin—Gawd knows I would! *They* can't do it any good, they said so. But a strike's diff'rent. An' wot they'll give ye while yer out ye'll spend in drink, havin' nothink to do all day *but* drink. So she'll *hev* to go at last."

But Reardon did not hear. Milly had opened her eyes and was smiling. The cat, taking advantage of her past audacity and his patience, was trying to claw a way into his coat pocket.

Milly smiled. It really was a thing to make you smile, if you were sufficiently free from pain to be able to enjoy the joke. And Milly's fortieth fit of pain was still five minutes distant.

Her father touched her forehead (where it was not covered with the bandage) with the tip of his finger. It was an unusual, almost unprecedented action with him; but then he was in a most unusual mood. It was as easy to him to do things now he had never dreamt of doing all his past life, as it was to "think Things." And Thought had carried him on a very long way.

To kiss Milly's lips (which, except her nose, was the easiest part of her face to get at, in its swathed condition) meant going on your knees before Jenny's! To stoop, after having worked up to your middle in mud and water for twenty years in the Docks, was out of the question.

"Damn your damned strikes," cried Jenny, in the loudest passionate whisper that could not trouble Milly's deadened hearing. She bent over her child's face, her passion spent in a tear that did not go beyond her sunken eyes, but with What pain in her heart we cannot know; and Reardon's Opportunity was lost.

He trod on the cat's toes as he stumbled a confused way out of Room 27, this one being bold now to inconvenience. Its croak of pained disgust sounded like the sister speech to Jenny's passionate wail.

It was a fresh revelation in the new order of Things that these two feminine complaints should bring him another real pain, and to a part of his body that had not been similarly afflicted before,

as far as he "remembered." "There's three of 'em now," thought Reardon, vaguely, pressing his hand to his left side as he went heavily down the flights of stairs, streetwards. "Three of 'em," he thought, with a grim lightening up of his heavy, clouded brain that came out in the faintest of twinkles in his heavy eyes. "P'raps if I live long enough I'll hev thirty, or three 'undred."

This proclaimed the new Reardon as forcibly as anything could proclaim it. "If yer 'ad a drop o' humour, *hor* a dash o' po'tery in yer, Jim, it ud be the savin' o' yer. But, man, ye aint got a dash nor a drop o' neither in yer 'ole bloomin, carkiss! An' ye'll end in a 'sylum or jail—'cordin' to circumstances, I'll lay my bottom dollar," said a mate of Reardon's once, who prided himself on possessing both poetry and humour, and who was known in Reardon's particular Docks as "Spout 'em Alive Jack."

Reardon neither knew nor cared if he had humour or poetry about him or not. Until that Tremendous Thought came he hardly knew (though he was always feeling it, in his own dull, dazed way) that he had not sufficient clothes outside, nor sufficient food inside, nor sufficient memory to remember things different.

Once he had not sufficient grasp of the Scheme Entire to look forward into the future. But that was changed with the Changing of Reardon. If Spout 'em Alive Jack had seen that immature twinkle in Jim's eye, as he swung from the Building into the street, he might have considered that there were hopes of "saving" his mate yet.

At home, Jenny was making up a bundle, whose kernel was Milly herself. Jenny had held her child through another shrieking, beating fit of agony; and when the little, waxen fingers had dropped down again to the ears that needed holding so very badly, Jenny made up her bundle. To put on her own bonnet and shawl took the woman five seconds-and-a-half exactly. To

see that there was no crevice in her artful structure, wherein the elements could get to Milly, required both time and heart-throbbing attention. Half-way down the first flight, Jenny, with the long cocoon on her breast, met the Neighbour who lived in Room 29.

And :—" Sakes alive, Jenny, woman ! Is it a flittin' ye'd be at this time of night !" asked the Neighbour, in real concern. " If it's a matter o' rent, Jenny —— ? "

But Jenny pushed her wearily aside. " It's strikes," she said, hoarsely, over her shoulder. " Jim's gawn on strike, an' I'm takin' Milly to the 'Orspital, 'cause she'll be starved—*starved* 'ere, on 'is *Strike* Pay—I know !" whispered Jenny's whitening lips, fiercely.

" God help ye thin, Jenny," said the Neighbour, softly, who had never yet learnt to take That Name in vain, though she had gone thirty odd years through the Wilderness, and had sucked in blasphemy from her mother's breasts.

Jenny's bleeding heart opened afresh at the words. The sword that Jim's announcement had thrust into it was double-edged.

" It's all I 'ave," sobbed Jenny, pausing on the landing below. " I've tried to keep it—Gawd knows I've tried an' tried to keep it——."

'Shure ye hev, Jenny, lass ; don't cry," said the comforter's voice, out of the shadows of the night, a few steps above.

" An' when it goes I'll hev nothink," wailed on the other voice in the shivering darkness. " An' my arms will be empty always always, for I'll never hev another, an' *this* will never come back to me. Oh ! I wish Gawd'd strike us both dead 'ere, on these stairs, she an' me !" cried the Voice of Agony.

" Oh ! Whisht," said the Neighbour, softly.

" Jim don't care. 'E cares for nothink nor nobody. 'E don't care, nor know 'ow 'ard, 'ow cruel 'ard it is to give 'er up ! "

" So it is, cruel 'ard, Jenny," said the Voice above, a step closer

now ; " but we can't kape 'em, though it's our souls we'd give to do so ! We can't kape 'em whin they *hev* to go ! "

" I could ha' kept this a little, little longer," said Jenny, holding her bundle closer still, as she went quickly down the flights. The Neighbour turned somewhat wearily into No. 29, where an empty cradle stood.

" I *could* ha' kept 'er a little longer ! An' now—now—— "

Jenny knew what she was about. Because her child's piteous case had come to the intelligence of Those who had the holy gift to offer, Jenny knew that the doors of a refuge for Milly, and such as she, stood always open.

" I've brought 'er at last," whispered Jenny, as the gate opened, a smile on her lips and a tear on each cheek. Her " coming " could not be considered as occurring at a convenient time, as the hour went. Hence Jenny's smile, which was of apology. But there would have been a bed for Milly there if she had arrived at midnight.

The wind swept round the corner and tore at Jenny's ragged shawl as she slipped through the outer iron gates.

" She's very bad now," said Milly's mother, shaking still and panting, after her long, fierce fight with the wind and the rain. " Yer'll be keerful of 'er pore ears—they're so bad ! "

" That's 'er name—Amelia Anne Reardon, an' she's ten," said Jenny, drawing the light bundle into her breast, where there was a maddening pain. " An 'er father's name's James Reardon an' I'm Jane Mary Reardon, if yer'd like to know. An' we lives at Baldwin's Buildin's, White Chapel Way."

And all things being duly entered : " Yer'd better take 'er now," said Jenny, "'fore she guesses wheer she is, an' cries for me to take 'er back."

The bundle changed hands. Jenny's went out in beseeching agony.

" I *daresn't* look in 'er face agin," she whispered, hoarsely. " Only—only take 'er away quickly an' let me go ! Oh, my Gawd ! Let me go—or—— "

Jenny stumbled down the steps and through the iron gate. When it clashed to after her, and the inner door showed also only a blank, closed face, she turned and fell on her knees in the mud, pressing her face against the ironwork.

"Oh! let me in," she sobbed, clutching fiercely at the pitiless iron. "I want to 'ave 'er 'ome agin! She's mine! She's mine! Let me in!"

The bell hung high above her head; but Jenny only stretched out her arms into the empty darkness. "Let me in, I say! I won't let you 'ave my child! I want 'er."

"Now then, Missus," said the Voice of the Law. "Be hoff. You know this is a respectable neighbour'ood; an' we can't 'ave no carryin's on 'ere."

The Voice was not unkindly; but It Meant What It Said.

Jenny rose to her feet and wrapped her shawl around her.

"Go 'ome," suggested the Voice, more kindly still, as another gust of wind tore round the bleak corner and swirled the rain into their faces. "Go 'ome an' dry yerself, Missus."

"She's *cryin'* now," thought Jenny, slipping homewards through the dripping streets. "Cryin' for *me*. An' I'll never git 'er agin, nor she me! An'—an' I wish we was dead!"

But Jim was treading a rosy path through the slush. He was still a little giddy because the new Supreme Feelings were so new and so supreme. Jim did not know these were Hope and Happiness, and would have stared if he had been told so; and perhaps (since he was the New Reardon) there would have been a return of that faint twinkle in his eye if he had reminded you he was "On Strike," and so had no right to feel either happy or hopeful. It was The Great Idea that made Jim both, and this for the first time for many years.

And The Great Idea was nothing less than to buy something for Milly that would make her smile as she had smiled at the cat's impudence, and make her forget her pain!

It was an Overwhelming Idea, because Jim had never had anything of the kind before in his life. He was amazed at himself, in his own dull, dazed way ; but the amazement was tempered with something like pleasure.

"Winkles it is," said Jim, essaying a muffled whistling in his exaltation. The wind beat the rain into his eyes and mouth, and twisted his sodden hat to curious not unfashionable shapes ; and the rain came down, and down, and down, and soaked his jacket and trousers, and ran through his hair and down his back. There was a temporary fall in the temperature, for the cyclone was a fortnight passed and the blizzard would not be due for some days. It was merely ordinary weather.

"Winkles it is," said Reardon, becoming aware (and also for the first time in his life) *What* was Milly's favourite delicacy.

"I'll buy 'er two pennorth an' see 'er laugh—bless 'er," thought Jim, suddenly, and before he had quite realised the extraordinary and unprecedented nature of those last words he had employed in which to clothe his Thoughts.

He had only one penny, one halfpenny, and a farthing in his pockets ; but even this sum, laid out exclusively on winkles, will procure a goodly number. Reardon carried his purchase home in a brown paper bag, whose screwed-up edge was tightly clutched in his hot, exultant hand.

He had come out farther than he needed. That Great Dominant Idea that had taken possession of him ever since he had clawed his way out of his darkening room, had shot him half-a-league forward before he could stop himself and rule Intention into Action. Winkles lie all around Baldwin's Buildings, but it was at the very farthest end of the Commercial Road that Jim made his throbbing purchase.

"Gawd ! won't these 'ere make 'er chuckle," thought Reardon, with an unsteady laugh, as he swung heavily up the flights of Baldwin's Buildings to his own home at No. 27.

A Neighbour—she who had stayed Jenny's flying feet on the

stairs a while back—peered out as Reardon gained his landing. She was waiting for her man ; and wanted to see *how* drunk he was, before passing the word to the children within either to crawl out of the bed-covering, or lie still and pretend to be asleep.

"Jenny's not back yit," she said, discovering, with an odd mixture of relief and renewal of sickening suspense, who was the last comer up the stairs.

"Weer's she gawn," asked Jim, carelessly, one hand on his door handle, the other gripping that priceless bag with passionate grip.

"Shure an' it's to the 'Orspital with Milly she's gone," was the quick reply. "'Twas at 'ome she wouldn't kape 'er any longer, at all, at all, she said."

The Neighbour was peering over the balusters to see if her man was one of those engaged in the free fight on the first floor landing, far below. Her back was to Jim, and she did not see his face. The little landing was always in twilight. Jim said nothing at all.

"'Twas in mortal grief the poor soul was, Reardon," said the Neighbour, restlessly. The fight below was of so aimless and vague a character that she could not distinguish at all Who was engaged in it.

But:—" 'Twas in mortal grief she took 'er away, 'er only child, an' she niver to come back no more," said the Neighbour, with a heart for Jenny's sorrow, in spite of her anxious eyes peering downstairs.

"Let me pass, damn ye!" said Reardon, huskily, pushing the woman aside to clatter his way down. That one moved, not frightened nor amazed ; only with almost royal air of lofty contempt ; and Reardon stumbled past her.

"Much *you* care 'ow she an' the child suffer, you thick-'eaded, stony-'earted brute-beast!" called the Neighbour after him. "'Twas you an' your blessed strikes as druv pore Jenny to the

sendin' 'er child away! *She* knew she'd be starved else—starved! while ye're muzzling yer soul out o' yer body at the gin-shop, all the time."

She had the gratification to see that Reardon stayed still to listen, on the landing below, in a sort of dazed stupor, all the while she was hurling her home-truths at his head. The noisy approach of her own husband up the stairs sent her back to her own room like an arrow from the string.

"Whisht, whisht, darlints! Under the clothes for your lives," she whispered.

A motley brood fled to the counterpane. The Neighbour was stirring porridge in a saucepan over the fire, and Silence reigned supreme, when her Man staggered in, with a drunken curse.

"'E's a brute an' a divil, too, when the drink's in 'im," thought the Neighbour, contemplating the sleepy, sodden creature at her feet. "But whin 'e's not holdin' the liquor 'tis God 'Imself knows there ain't a fonder crayture livin' to 'is bairns!"

Her thoughts went to the white working face of the man who had pushed past her on their landing, and whose Tale she could not read, and did not know she could not. "'E's a brute-beast an' nothink else, drunk or not drunk," she thought.

Reardon pushed his way through the fighters, now scattering in all directions before the vigorous sentiment (supplemented by fistual opinion) hurled at them by the Women of the Building. Why or where he was going out again into the night, and the rain, and the wind, Reardon did not know at all. Neither did he care. When he got to the pavement he found he was still fastened on to the sodden brown paper bag of winkles. He dropped it on the slimy pavement and set his heel on it heavily, once or twice. There was a New Thought striving for recognition among the other swarming Thoughts; but it was so new and immature that it could not make itself heard at first.

Reardon turned his face Eastwards, and plunged through the filth of the streets. There were three pains in his body now, as

when he last went out ; and the newest one was also the most intense. But there was No Great Idea to lighten the darkness for him.

It was not till past midnight, when Jenny had long since crept home to where an empty bed awaited her, and her own empty arms (these empty too for ever) hanging by her side, that that latest struggling Thought of Reardon's also came home.

"I wish I'd kissed 'er when she smiled—'fore I went out to buy them damned winkles—when Jenny carried 'er hoff," thought Jim. "Now I'll never git the chance agin !"

He turned and went slowly homewards through the sleeping, dripping City.

K. DOUGLAS KING.

My Lost Eurydice.

IN life's spring sheening croft and wold,
And wide sky hope-unfurl'd,
My love and I together stroll'd
The motley ways o' th' world ;
But she, before the woods were gold,
Slipt from the summer'd world.

Before the crownèd day look'd west,
A-weary of his state,
Or yearn'd, with hectic signs, for rest,
She reach'd the western gate :
I saw not, till he claim'd his guest,
The porter at the gate.

Ay me, the ways untravell'd o'er !
Ay me, the fields untrod !
Ay me, the sheaves we meant to store !
The flowers we miss'd, oh God !
I walk earth's groves with her no more :
Walks she the groves of God ?

EASTWOOD KIDSON.

One of the Burkes.

NED BURKE was a native of North Uist, in the Hebrides, the son of a poor man, whose grandfather or great-grandfather had come from Ireland to settle in that island. Ned never learned to read or write, nor was he able to speak a word of English till he was upwards of thirty years of age. After passing several years in the service of various gentlemen, and thus acquiring some knowledge of the world, he became a chairman or sedan-carrier in Edinburgh. In the year 1745 he had again attached himself to a single master ; he now served Mr. Alexander Macleod, advocate, a near relative of the chief of that name. This gentleman joined the Army of Prince Charles, to whom he acted as aide-de-camp. Ned was thus led into what was called the Rebellion.

At the conclusion of the Battle of Culloden, when the Prince was obliged to leave the field, Ned Burke had the duty assigned to him of conducting His Royal Highness away, and guiding him through the country. For this he was well qualified, by the knowledge which he had acquired in the course of his services with various Highland gentlemen. He led the Prince and his party westward for many miles, till, in the middle of the night, they arrived at Invergarry, a deserted mansion, where they were glad to rest without any suitable accommodation. Here, next day, Charles disguised himself in Ned's coat, that he might the better make his way to the west coast. They proceeded along the glens, and over vast mountains, till at length they reached one of the inlets of the Atlantic, on which they set sail in an open boat. A week from Culloden saw Charles

lodged in a cow-house, in the desolate island of Benbecula, with only two or three friends, and poor Ned Burke as his sole attendant. They were buffeted about the Western Islands for some weeks, enduring all kinds of hardships and privations, and under the greatest danger for their lives. At this time Ned had only to go to some station of the enemy, seldom far off, and give information of his master's hiding-place, in order to secure the sum of £30,000, which would have made him as great as the demi-god, his chief; but it does not appear that the faintest idea of such treachery ever entered the mind of this simple child of nature.

In the wretched outcast life which the party led, skulking in creeks of desert islands, exposed to the weather by night and day, often at a loss for the simplest necessities of life, the Prince, as is well known, never lost his good spirits. On the contrary, the cheerfulness with which he submitted to and endeavoured to make the best of everything, was the wonder of his companions, as well as a great support to them. Ned had the duty of arranging and preparing such victuals as they possessed. That is to say, he prepared them as far as any means of preparation existed in those miserable circumstances. Charles, however, finding Burke not over-neat in his ways of managing food, entered into the business himself, and then they became, as it were, joint cooks. A cake made by the Prince with the brains of a cow, was afterwards spoken of by the individuals of the party as an unusually great treat. On another occasion, Ned, having dressed some fish, regretted there was no butter. "We'll take the fish till the butter come," said the Prince. Afterwards, remembering there was some butter among their stores, Ned went for it, but found it jammed amongst fragments of bread. He was about to give up the notion of using it, when Charles pointed out to him that the bread, being clean itself, could not make the butter dirty; and then he made sauce with it for the fish.

Burke afterwards related some curious particulars of what occurred when he was in the Prince's company. Charles having killed a deer, Ned brought it home, and, making ready some collops, there comes a poor boy, who, without asking questions, put his hand among the meat, which the cook (Edward Burke) seeing, gave him a whip with the back of his hand. The Prince, observing this, said : " Oh, man, you don't remember the Scripture, which commands to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. You ought rather to give him meat than a stripe." The Prince then ordered some rags of clothes for the boy, and said he would pay for them ; which was done accordingly. The Prince added more, saying : " I could not see a Christian perish for want of food and raiment, had I the power to support him." Then he prayed that God might support the poor and needy. This boy made a bad return for the kindness of the Prince. He gave information against him to the militia, but fortunately was disbelieved.

Ned used to play " antics and monkey tricks," to divert Charles and his friends in their distresses. His simplicity, and the singular circumstances of the party, enabled the poor fellow to speak to his superiors with the utmost possible freedom without giving any offence. According to the report of a boatman who was of the party, " Ned was always the rough man. I have seen him frequently at ' Deil speed the leears ! ' with the Prince, who humoured the joke so well, that they had *flitten together like twa kail-wives* [scolded like two herb-women], which made the company to laugh and be merry, when otherwise they would have been very dull. One of the soles of Ned's shoes happening to come off, Ned cursed the day upon which he should be forced to go without shoes. The Prince, hearing him, called to him and said, ' Ned, look at me ! ' when (said Ned) ' I saw him holding up one of his feet to me, where there was deil a sole upon the shoe ; and then I said, " Oh, my dear ! I have nothing more to say. You have stopped my mouth indeed." ' ' "

After being for two months under Burke's guidance, the Prince was compelled to part with him and the rest of his little party, in order to put himself into the care of Flora Macdonald, who undertook to conduct him, in the disguise of a female servant, to the Isle of Skye. Burke then passed, a solitary fugitive, into his native island of North Uist, where he lived for seven weeks in a hill called Eval, feeding for twenty days upon nothing but dulse (a kind of seaweed) and shellfish. The extremity of his case was great, for at that time a paper had been read in all the churches, forbidding anyone to harbour or give so much as a meal to any of the rebels, under pain of death. Oliver, a married brother of Ned, did actually, from mere fright, refuse him the least succour; whereupon Ned thought himself entitled to steal one of Oliver's sheep, and make his own use of it. On the other hand, Jacob, an unmarried brother, did all he could in Ned's behalf, encountering every hazard cheerfully. "One night Ned, being in great misery, went to steal a boat, in order to take the sea; but some fishers being near by, and hearing a noise, came out with a force, thinking this to be an enemy. Ned was obliged to leave the boat and take to his heels, for he had far rather have been killed or drowned than to be taken prisoner, because by that time it was well known he had been the Prince's servant; and, therefore, he was afraid, if taken, they would put him to the torture, to make him tell all that he knew, and he could not bear the thoughts of doing hurt to anybody."

Another relative was so base as to give information against Ned; but luckily, like the ungrateful boy, he was not credited. One day he encountered one of the countrymen armed in behalf of the Government, who at once recognised him.

"Follow me," said the man.

"To what place am I to follow you?"

"Farther into the country."

"Friend," said Burke, "have you got any to help you?"

"No"; and then he taxed Ned with having been the Prince's servant.

Ned answered: "Many a prettier fellow has been his servant." After a little more altercation Ned drew forth a pistol, at which his friend vanished with all possible speed. He afterwards brought a party to the spot; but Burke had meanwhile hidden himself effectually. Soon after this, while concealed in a cave, and when no friend durst be seen with him, a shoemaker's wife came under cloud of night, and brought him a little food. A little before this Ned had gone one day to buy a pair of shoes at Clatachcaranish, when General Campbell, Captain Fergusson, and their whole force, came to the place. Ned was then in a sad perplexity, and did not well know what to do. Spying an old black coat and an old pair of breeches in the house, he put them on, hiding his own clothes under a chest, and went out at the door unconcerned. He stood a while among the men, and conversed easily with them; then, slipping by degrees out amongst them, he got to the hills to his old cave. Jacob Burke and the shoemaker's wife got his clothes (a Highland dress), and brought them to him. Tiring at length of this wretched life, Ned went and gave himself up to an old master, Macleod of Talisker, who, receiving him kindly, was the means of his getting to Seaforth's country on the mainland, where he remained with his later master, the aide-de-camp, till the passing of the Act of Indemnity. He then returned to Edinburgh, and quietly resumed his humble duty as a sedan-carrier.

Probably it never occurred to the simple mind of Ned Burke that he had done anything more than a very plain piece of duty during the summer of 1746. If he formed any idea of a reward, it must have been of the simplest kind. Thus lightly did the honest fellow talk of the Prince's obligation to him, when conversing with Mr. Forbes: "If the Prince do not come and see me soon, good faith, I'll go and see my daughter [alluding to the Prince's having adopted his name when in the female disguise],

and crave her, for she has not yet paid her christening money, and as little has she paid the coat I ga'e her in her greatest need." Ned's old companion, Donald Macleod, the boatman, spoke in high terms of him to Mr. Forbes, as an honest, faithful, trusty fellow. Donald said that, "in the event of a R——on [restoration], Ned would carry a chair no more, for he was persuaded the Prince would settle £100 a year upon Ned during life; and he could affirm it for a truth that not any man whatsoever deserved it better." "Honest Ned," says Mr. Forbes, "is not (by his own confession) much above forty years of age, and is both stout and sturdy for all he has gone through."

But Burke was not long to survive these perilous adventures. He died in Edinburgh on November 23rd, 1751. Mr. Forbes inserts in his manuscript the following epitaph for the worthy sedan-carrier: "To perpetuate the memory of Edward Burke. Born in a humble cottage, and of mean parents; ignorant of the first principles of human learning; doomed to converse with lowly people; and exposed to all the various temptations of poverty. Happy in these disadvantages, since thereby his genuine worth was the more conspicuous! Fidelity and disinterested friendship eclipsed his other virtues. Let the venal tribe behold and admire, and blush, if yet a blush remains! Learn by his example, oh, ye great! He preferred a good conscience to £30,000!"

A. C. OPIE.

A North Country Village.

“**M**AY, ma'am, I've kep' pretty clear o' th' gout lately, but it's been busy times with me. I've been gettin' th' hay in, ye see, an' buryin' my father, and that.”

It was one of the well-to-do, the “gradely” farmers of Thornleigh, who spoke to Mrs. Francis, the lady who as M. E. Francis has published one very notable novel, and whose “In a North Country Village,” published by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co., gives her at once a household fame among English readers, so admirably is her work done, so intelligent her humour, and so skilful her touch. Thornleigh, as she calls a sleepy little hamlet, within eight miles of one of our largest shipping towns, is still Catholic by religion and is in Lancashire, but it might almost have been in Yorkshire too. I talked to Farmer Waring in the West Riding, where to bury one's *feyther*, though in no heartless fashion, is counted very quietly into the day's work, along with getting in the hay—and *that*. But then I find, as I read, that someone from Thornleigh once walked all the way to Liverpool—to see the Queen, it was, though he returned having seen “nobbut a woman in black.” And, besides, this north country village, in which Mrs. Francis is at home, has such a peculiar air of homeliness, and of honour in the homes, that one expects to find it on some Lancashire estate, where the old Faith and the old ways have come down together unchanged, during several hundreds of years. Let us just read of the “Canon,” who was—only his grave is there now—a conspicuous figure in the village.

Village life has its charm and its pathos, and Mrs. Francis has a poet's and a keen observer's eye for both. We ourselves may wish, perhaps, to see the old order changing more rapidly, yet we can sympathise with her desire *not* to be there to see her quiet spot in the "north countree" altered and "improved" beyond recognition. Nowhere does man find himself so much himself, and of his true stature, as in the primitive occupations and cares of country life. See the villagers around! So good humoured, so content, yet so full of anxious care, so used to daily hardships! So rugged, sometimes even so rude and hard, and, after all, so truly tender of heart! In the village, at its best life is truly lived; it is made the more of because the joys and sorrows of one are the joys and sorrows of many others. Births and weddings, illnesses and deaths, partings and home-comings, are not of mere private interest. They come home to the bosoms of the whole village community. Everybody knows what concerns everybody else: what matter if sometimes more is known than there is to know?

Mrs. Francis's village, in particular, has this domestic note upon it. Whenever the "Canon" dined at the Hall, the servants, at a certain hour of the evening, were sure to hear a thump at the back-door, and to hear Joe Rutherford announce that he had "coom for Canon." Joe (Ned's Joe the neighbours called him for distinction) had made it his own special privilege to "see Canon home o' nights," whether from the railway station or from a friendly visit.

Very true to life, exquisitely amusing, and also most touching, is the chapter on "Gaffer's Child"—his child who was not his child. In village life all is not as happy as it might be. Gaffer was twenty or thirty years past the age when he ought to have got married. How should he have a home of his own? He was only a labourer and a lodger. But when old Tom and Betsy Middleton were dead, the Canon thought it well to make some wise remarks to their no longer young daughter Recovering

from her surprise at his views, she said she "hadn't got no objections," and went on earthing up her potatoes

An hour later Ned's slow step was heard on the path ; but instead of proceeding straight to the house, as usual, he went up and stood beside her.

"Have ye seen Canon?" inquired Betsy, without looking up.

"Ah," returned Ned.

"Well?" said Betsy.

"Well—I've nought agin it."

"Ah—well—neither have I. It'll not make such a deal of difference, neither, as Canon says."

Ned stood for a moment or two, with a queer half-puzzled smile on his weather-beaten face ; then he observed that he had told Canon he might as well shout them next Sunday.

It would seem that for Ned the days were gone, if they had ever been, when beauty bright his heart's chain wove. Nevertheless, it was quite an affectionate heart that beat under his rough jacket. Mrs. Francis has a picture which recalls Bret Harte's miner in "The Luck of Roaring Camp"—"he rastled with my finger, the little cuss!"

Betsy drew near smiling.

"Eh! owd lass, th' A'mighty's good!" said Ned ; "we'n got a little un o' we're own at last."

The "Squire" is one (now gone to rest) easily identified. When he turned against Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule, the great outer world was made aware momentarily of his name. The effect of his conversion on the villagers must be told in Mrs. Francis's own words :

"Come in, ma'am," says Mrs. Wick, "come in and sit ye down. It's a long time since you've come our way. Ah, the elections kept ye busy? Indeed, they're enough to moider anybody—we hear too much of 'em here, I can tell you. Specially since we've changed our politics. Didn't ye know as we'd changed our politics here in the village, ma'am? Eh dear, yes ; and it has been a piece of business ever since, what with one side an' t'other when the elections comes round.

"Squire began it, you know. Him an' his family has always been Liberals—always used to be at least—and of course *we* was

Liberals too. Well, last election time—not the last as ever was, but the time before—or was it the time before that again? he went an' turned round and said he was goin' to vote for the Conservative party. Eh, well, to think of it! we all said, and whatever could have come to the Squire! It seemed funny, ye know. Us women couldn't talk of nothing else, and the men said the notion seemed to stick in their throats—maybe that was why they was always walkin' off to the public-house to wash it down! One man—Radical Ted as we call him—made a great to-do about it, and said *he* wasn't goin' to turn his coat inside out, not for nobody. But none of us ever minded poor old Ted.

“Squire called a meetin' in the big barn up yonder, and made a speech. It was a beautiful speech, ah! indeed it was, and he talked to us so nice about why he'd changed his views, or rather, says he, it's the times that has changed. The old Liberalism is a thing of the past, and the Conservative policy of the present day is the nearest thing to the Liberal policy that you and me was brought up on, says the Squire. And he said he was very much disappointed in the Grand Old Man. ‘In fact,’ says he, leanin' on his stick, an' looking round, ‘my opinion is that he is a grand old Humbug.’ And then he talked to us as friendly as possible, about this kind of Government and that kind of Government—there wasn't many of us as understood it all—and he finished up by sayin' that the Liberals were Illiberal, and the Conservatives Preservative. Eh, you should have heard us cheerin' him! My word! you'd have thought the roof was comin' off. Some of us fancied he was goin' into Parliament himself, but he says he was too old for that. He was informed, however, that the gentleman who was going to stand for our division of the county was a very nice young gentleman indeed. We'd have an opportunity of judging for ourselves soon, he says, because he was coming to hold a meetin' here, and he was sure we'd all attend, and now he'd shown us why he had changed his opinions he hoped we'd all follow suit. Well, we all cheered again, and poor old Joseph Birch, the carpenter, sings out, ‘For he's a jolly good fellow,’ as he always does whenever he gets a chance, for he sets a deal of store by the Squire.

“A few days after a gentleman comes round the village, a very nice gentleman he was—first we thought it must be him as Squire was talkin' of, but he says no, he was only a mutual friend—an' he sits down an' talks to us as natural as possible, an' praises Squire till the tears comes into his eyes, an' he says we mustn't on no account vote for the Liberals, because if we do the agri-

cultural interests of the country will be ruined, and Irishmen will be taking the bread out o' the mouths of Englishmen.

"We all said that 'ud be terrible, and we'd try and attend the meetings, an' that, but it was a busy season, and we didn't know if we could so very well spare the time. 'What!' says the gentleman, quite astonished, 'would you run the risk of ruining your country for the sake of an hour's work, more or less? Get up a bit earlier in the morning,' he says, turnin' pleasant again. Well, then he gets out a card with two names on it. One printed very big—and that was his and Squire's gentleman—and the other very small.

"'Now,' he says, 'you can't make any mistake. See *this* is the name you are to put your mark opposite to.'

"'Oh,' says we, turnin' it about. 'The big one—we'll remember.'

"'No, no, no,' says the gentleman, very flurried. 'Never mind whether it's big or little—it's the name you've got to remember.' And he shouts it out a dozen times, and spells it, and makes us spell it, till we're sick of the sound of it. 'Now you can't forget,' he says.

"The very next day another of 'em comes, and sits down and talks. Tells us what fine people we are, and how honest and independent we've always been, and how if we'll only vote right we'll enjoy greater prosperity than ever. Then *he* pulls out a card with one name printed very big and one name printed very little.

"'Oh, thank ye,' says we, 'the other gentleman left us one o' those.'

"'What other gentleman?' says he, and he stops for a minute; and then he says, 'would you kindly let me have a look at it?'

"Well, when it's fetched, he looks real put out. 'Why this is the wrong one,' he says. 'You'll be gettin' muddled up if you keep this. See, *this* is the name of the people's friend—the friend of the farmer and the labourer,' he says. 'The friend o' cheap bread and high wages, and short hours,' he says, an' he shows us *his* card, an' the big name was a strange name, an' the t'other—the name o' the Squire's gentleman—was wrote quite small and poor.

"'*This* is the name you've got to remember,' says he, p'intin' to the strange one.

"'Nay,' says we. 'It was the t'other, Squire told us.'

"'And are you going to be so poor-spirited as to follow your Squire's lead just like a flock of geese,' says he. 'Your Squire

indeed! So he's been tampering with your liberties, has he? Do you suppose *he* has your interests at heart, or cares two pins for you, except for what he can get out of you? What can you expect from a man who has a wall round his place to shut out the people, when the land should by right belong to the people, and will do so yet if they have the courage to be true to themselves.'

"'Eh well,' says one of us, 'we know the Squire, ye see, an' we'd rayther vote for a friend of his, nor for a gentleman as we've never heerd on. An' I doubt it's no worse for Squire to have a wall to's place, nor for me to have a hedge to my garden. An' ye can leave your card if ye like aside of t'other on the chimney-piece.'

"And so he did after a deal more talk and argument, and there stood the cards side by side till one of the young ladies from the Hall chanced to see them.

"'It's no use keeping two,' she said. 'You'll only be making mistakes. Better put this one into the fire.'

"So into the fire she pops it, and round she goes to every house in the place, and does the same by every one o' the cards as the last gentleman left. My word! there *was* a piece o' work when some of his lady friends heerd on it. Eh, we was always havin' visitors that time! We got to be quite moidered in the end; not so much as Saturday would go by but someone or other would walk in, in the middle of our cleaning up—the children half-washed and all—with 'How do ye do?' and 'I hope we may count on you.' 'No,' says we, 'don't count on us; we've other things to be thinkin' on.' We were gettin' vexed at the end, ye see—and then they said they did like our fine independent spirit. One of that lot took to sending soup to old Granny Gibson (as if she hadn't sons and grandsons to work for her and keep her comfortable), and Granny says nothin'—not even Thank ye—so one day they axed her if she got it all right.

"'Ah,' says Granny, 'I got it reet enough. Gave it to the pigs, I did,' says Granny. So after that they sent no more.

"One day there was a deal of stir in the village—someone had been talkin' about three acres and a cow as they heerd was to be given to anyone as voted against Squire's gentleman. Well, ye may think the cottagers had something to say about this—none of their gardens run to more nor half-an-acre at most, and as for cows, it's only the gradely farmers as keeps them. There was more talk about that nor anything else; even old Joseph the carpenter, as never wants anything new, and shakes

his head at all these election doin's, even he said it would be very nice. But Squire come into his workshop—'So you're to have three acres and a cow, Joe?' says he, and he laughs fit to split. 'And who is going to build your shippons, I wonder? I'm sure I shan't,' he says.

"And then Joseph 'unbthought himself,' as he always says, and says he: 'What's the good o' goin' agin the Squire? I won't deny that three acres o' land is nice, an' so's a cow—very nice. But who is this here chap as is goin' to give them to us, an' what do we know about him? And the Squire's been a good squire to us, an' a good friend to us—and theer! What's the good o' goin' agin him?'

"Well, Joseph was right, ye see, and there wasn't one here in the village as would say he wasn't, for all the talk we heard about Liberty, and every man being as good as his better, and that. Us an' the Squire was always friends. We all know him, and he knows us, and his ways is ours.

"After a bit the young gentleman as we'd all heerd so much on—him as Squire was goin' to vote for, ye know—come to hold a meetin' here. But he gave short notice, and the very day of the meetin' was Dumbleton Fair day, the biggest fair in the country, as all farmers attend regular. There was messengers flyin' all over the place, tellin' every one to come, and as many as could make time did come to the barn where the gentleman was to speak. A good few women was there, and almost all the big school children; but the men was most of them busy, and I doubt if there was more nor half-a-dozen of them there, all told. But the barn was done up elegant with plants and flowers and decorations of all sorts, and when the young gentleman came out to speak, he looked round and smiled to hisself. He began by sayin' how beautiful everything was done up, and how kind it was o' the Squire to have all so nicely prepared, and then he went on in a kind o' sneery way to remark what a pity it was as the attendance didn't correspond with the decorations. The men sat there smilin' as if it all was as pleasant as could be, but I gave Mrs. Birch, as sat next me, a nudge.

"'What d'ye think o' that?' says I.

"'Eh,' says she, 'I don't make much count o' yon flipperty-gibbet. When's Squire goin' to speak?'

"Eh, but the t'other talked our heads off afore he'd done, an' when Squire clapped his hands, we clapped ours, but we *was* glad when he stopped. Then the gentleman as come round with the cards, spoke, and another after that, and then at last Squire came to the front.

“‘Hear, hear!’ cries Joseph, afore he’d said a word at all; and the rest of us hammered the floor with our umberellas, an’ shuffled our feet and clapped our hands; an’ Squire nods at us, an’ laughs.

“His speech was the best; we all was agreed on that p’int. Afterwards him and his young gentleman come round the village—he had a smile an’ a joke for everyone, had the young gentleman—very pleasant he was. He says to Radical Teddy: ‘You’re bound to vote for me, you know. Why you carry my colours in those blue eyes of yours.’

“‘An’ what colour do I wear here?’ says Ted, tappin’ his nose. ‘I’m a red Republican,’ says Ted (he gets them outlandish words out o’ the newspapers, ye know).

“Talkin’ of colours—the day of the elections them ladies as I told ye of—as sent Granny Gibson soup, waited for the children as they was comin’ out from school, and pinned bows o’ ribbon on ‘em, boys and girls alike—beautiful they was. But when our own young ladies—the ladies from the Hall—saw them, they *were* in a way.

“‘The idea,’ says they, ‘of plastering *our* children with their disgusting Radical ribbons.’ And they whipped them off before you could turn round, and popped on blue ones. And the children looked fine as they stood at the end o’ the village, cheerin’ the voters when they passed. First there was the Squire driving his dog-cart, as pleased as Punch, with a blue bow in his button-hole, and blue ribbons on the horse; and then come the farmers’ shandries, and after them come waggons—as the farmers lent for the occasion—with all the cottagers, an’ off they drove, cheerin’ all the way, an’ every man in the place voted for Squire’s gentleman. Radical Ted come back so drunk that he couldn’t tell us much about it, and he always said he couldn’t remember which way he voted; but of course we all knew without the tellin’ that he’d never go for to vote again the Squire. An’ that’s how we all changed our politics here in this village, ma’am; now you have the whole story.”

The figure of Aunt Jinny in the workhouse, and of “Our Joe,” will become classic in our folk-literature; and we do not need to say more to introduce them, as they live in Mrs. Francis’s pages as very real and valued acquaintances to readers.

FELIX SNOW.

The Light, that Queen of Colours.

A PHRASE of St. Augustine's is chosen as the title of an article contributed by a Catholic writer to the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

With the "night that wins" in winter, the question of artificial lighting is annually reconsidered. But those who have any perception of the importance of light to the beauty of place and person should take a little more care to have their daylight becoming. And this is a matter of aspect and not of quantity. Whether bright or softened, light that has something of the sun in it is beautiful and flattering. That is, the direct sunlight, whether cloudy or clear, curtained or free, is lovely; but the reflected sunlight, from a Northern sky, or from an Eastern sky in the afternoon, is always unbecoming. Women might spare themselves many a little habit and care—that of dodging places and getting their backs to the window, for instance—if they considered this more momentous matter.

As a rule, in a room lighted in the direction of the sun, there need be no fear of too strong a light; everything in it generally looks its best. But a room lighted from the hard north should have the windows so fitted with thin blinds or curtains that the direct light from the sky is filtered or softened with a little warm colour. That is, the upper part of the window should have blinds—or, better still, the window should be constructed long in shape and not high. Then the light can come freely through lower panes that do not show the sky. That light may be reflected, by a happy accident, from glowing surfaces outside. In these red-brick days it is pleasant to find your drawing-room if built to face the unsympathetic east—the wrong aspect, of course, for a room used by daylight only in the afternoon—touched with a light almost as soft as that of the west; the cause being that the houses opposite take the sunshine on their ruddy bricks and send it you in a charming reflected light, giving

you at the same time a secondhand ray from their windows. Your friends will ignorantly condole with you because you are "built up"; whereas, what you have lost is a strip of steel-grey sky that gave to everything some of its own hardness, and you have gained by that neighbourly service the touch of that greatest of painters and decorators and of artists in human beauty—warm light.

To secure perpetual warm light, however, by the use of closed red blinds is a device that seems somewhat lacking in dignity. Its effects are obvious and rather exaggerated. A company of people gathered under the light of red blinds have the air of highly-"touched" photographs, and a painter who respected himself would not look at them. There should always be a sense of freedom about the shining-in of the light of day. With artificial light it is another thing; but even this should not be too strongly red. Purely yellow shades for lamps and candles are very advantageous; but, perhaps, best of all, is something between yellow and pink, with white for a change. All artificial light is warm (except, of course, that form of electric light which is not used in houses), and, therefore, it can bear to be shaded with white; and the effect of white is very gay. There is one thing that suffers from the shading of lights, and that is the diamond. Nothing but a naked light can kindle the fires of diamonds. They should not be worn in the hair at dinner, for with the usual shaded candles the top of the head is your darkest part. By placing them somewhat low down on the bodice you can make them catch the light from below the shades, and they get some justice.

All artificial light being warm, the chief thing to be decided in regard to lamp or candle is its place. And that should, undoubtedly, be level, or almost level. It hardly matters whether the lights are in the middle or at the sides, if only they are not too high. A lofty light is not only disadvantageous, it is disfiguring; and it has the strangest effect in altering the character of a face, one can hardly tell whether by falsification or by betrayal. The horizontal shadows by which the downward light caricatures every inequality give to almost all alike a rather over-fed look, and take the clearness from the eyes. The bad old fashion of lighting from above is reappearing with the general use of electric light. That most beautiful illumination would leave nothing to be desired were it always placed with care. As for its shading, it must be hoped that this is not often omitted, as one has, unfortunately, seen it in nurseries. Whatever the light may be there, a baby will stare at it; and, whatever we

may do with our own eyes, we should not let a young child lie with its eyes turned steadily upon the incandescent wire of an electric lamp.

The chief beauty of artificial light, apart from its usefulness, is in combination with some measure of daylight. Kindled too soon, or burning too late, so as to mix with evening or morning daylight, a mere candle is a far more beautiful thing than flower or jewel. A treat that a perceptive and appreciative empress might give herself is that of illuminating a town not by night, but by day; not with the imperfect contrast of difference and distance, but with the beautiful contrast of interval and degree. This town should spring into light at about dawn and should burn a million lights until evening. The Newlyn painters, having once apprehended the value of lamps in daytime, have painted nothing else. But well as the art of illumination is understood in Italy, it is only by an accident, even there, that one can see the beauty of lights by day. In the churches, for instance, as soon as they have lighted the hundred candles or so over the high altar, all mixed with the Roman day, they make haste to draw impenetrable veils over the windows' so as to give the blaze its full value, as they think.

But one may now and then take the illumination of a city unawares. So it was some years ago with Florence. The summer day had lingered too long or the citizens were impatient to light up. Long before anything was alight in the sky except the evening star one saw the city from a great distance, dome and belfry outlined with delicate and uncertain gold. When gas is done with we shall be rid of an illuminant that never went well with architecture or with natural things. The electric light goes as well with them as moonlight. In the old Grand' Place at Brussels, the high masts, carrying a ball of the blue-white electric light high in the air, give an entirely appropriate beauty to the faces of the ancient Flemish Gothic houses. Electric light would look in place in a deep-sea cave if it could be got there.

No one having a constant sense of aspect and of the points of the compass—and this is only another name for an apprehension of the direction and quality of light—could have made a heroine sit mourning for a lost love, as does a heroine of Mr. Mallock's, while she watches the sun set over the sea at Ventnor. "My cheek was pale, and my eyes were wild and wistful," she says; and seeing herself thus she also sees "one great violet cloud fringed," etc., etc. The sea at Ventnor is a sea upon

which the sun does not set ; and no perceptive person remembering the sea there could think of it as a sunset sea.

The woman who has a strong sense of light is inevitably less concerned with colour than is the ordinary woman, and her house doubtless will show it. She will not have bad colour, of course ; she will have little colour. Light is apt to efface colour ; and too much colour rather interferes with the effect of the "values" of light, as when a strong dark colour is in full light. As every painter has been obliged to decide which of the two things shall master the other in his own work, so, more or less, must every woman decide as regards her own house. For her who gives light the preference there can hardly be too much white. Her flowers will be principally of the colours of light—yellow and white. And women themselves are generally to be divided into two classes—women with colour and women with light. The poets have all, except one, been concerned with the women with colour. Mr. Coventry Patmore celebrates

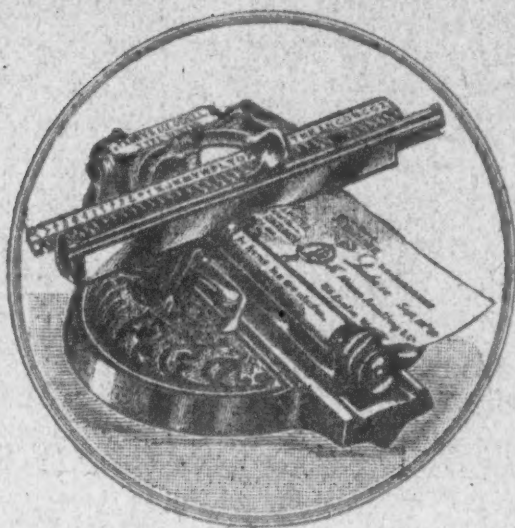
Her loveliness that rather lay
In light than colour.

He writes of "eyes that softly lodge the light," and rallies the woman who would not allow smiles to approach her lips, but whose pleasure

Broke in grave lights o'er chin and cheek and forehead.

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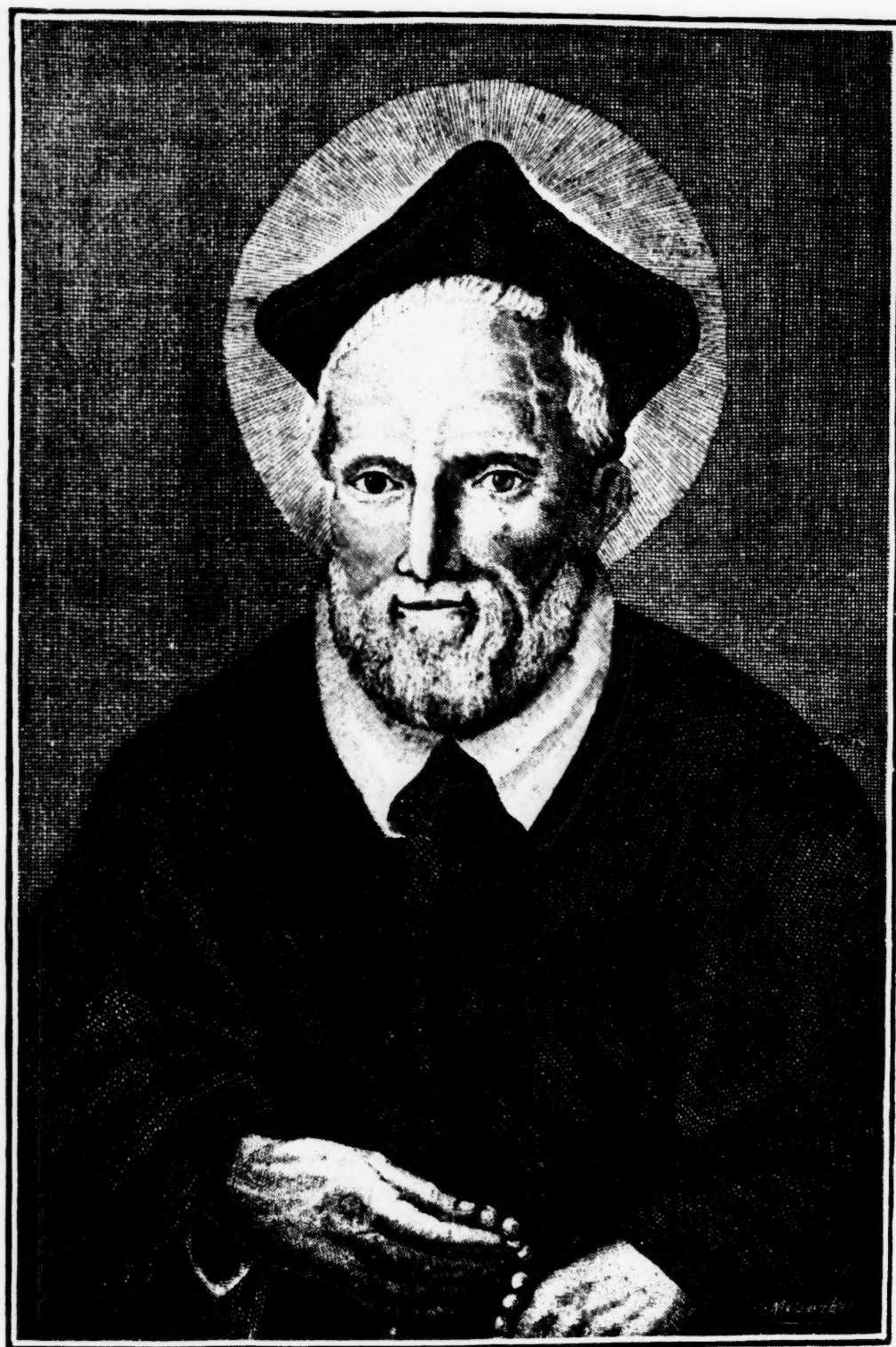
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